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The Front Page

HERE is no occasion for seeking a mysterious reason for the action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in "siding with Mr. Foster against Mr. Cinqmars" when the latter was called before the bar of the House. Some of the Ottawa correspondents say that something must have happened between 6 and 8 p.m. on the day of the debate to cause the Premier to change his position, and to decide to censure the journalist, and they suggest that the Opposition threatened to "make disclosures" concerning persons high in Sir Wilfrid's regard. It is improbable that there is anything in all this talk. If the Opposition could make disclosures worth making, they would not refrain in consideration of such poor satisfaction as Sir Wilfrid gave them in this Cinqmars matter. The Premier made just such a speech on this occasion as his attitude towards the press during many years would lead one to expect. If he should put his thoughts into words he would probably say: "What is an editor, anyway, but a defeated candidate, and what is a great editor, but a baffled and soured aspirant for political honors?" As an institution he has found the press both a convenience and a nuisance. Who has not found it both! More than any public man in Canada Sir Wilfrid has held the press at arm's length. He has not flattered it with cheap praise. When any member of the House has complained of ill-usage in the public prints. Sir Wilfrid has seldom failed to add his word of censure. In the present case he found fault with Mr. Foster for bringing the matter forward, but censured the journalist who was up for reprimand. Perhaps the explanation of it is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a Parliamentarian derived from a law office, and not pleased to observe during many years the growing influence of the press in public affairs. In his time he has seen Parliament diminish considerably in the sight of the country because of the press. Time was when every public question introduced itself in Parliament, and from there travelled over the country. Now each public question comes to Parliament pretty well shaped up for legislation—with popular opinion written all over it, and the rulers of the country rule, to a large extent, by the result of a discussion they have been unable to lead or direct. He does not believe in government by newspaper, nor is he alone in resenting the tone of voice in which the press is learning to speak. It is a tone of voice well calculated to get on the nerves of premiers, bishops, chief justices, schoolmasters and those formerly clothed with authority and accustomed to inspect. Even policemen feel the change and wonder whether we are drifting.

No Parliamentarian with a concern for the dignity of the House could sit in Sir Wilfrid's seat and hear the defence read by Mr. Cinqmars, without resolving to give journalism a little rap. Here was a journalist standing up at the bar, unafraid, giving back blow for blow—justifying at much length what he had written and his right to write what he chose. Here was Parliament applauding this outsider, the populace looking on from the galleries and a thousand presses waiting to publish a triumph of journalism. Mr. Foster should not have produced such a scene, but as it had been produced the Premier resolved to save the face of Parliament as far as he could. "He saw his duty and he done it."

WILLIAM WHYTE of the C.P.R. is a man of so much size and consequence in the West that attention must be paid to his utterances, yet when he talks of Jim Hill's railway enterprises and speaks alarmingly of the Americanization of the West, we are compelled to remember that he is, after all, William Whyte of the C.P.R. He is reported as having said: "If Mr. Hill, after completing his railway connections, can induce the wholesale dealers of St. Paul and Minneapolis to cut their prices for Canada, then the entire Western trade of the Dominion will be lost to Eastern Canada, if the country itself is not lost to the British Empire." If this kind of talk does not alarm our patriotism and arouse our self-interest to the immediate advantage of the C.P.R. and to the injury of Mr. Hill's railway plans, Mr. Whyte does not know what else to say. He has done his best. But if the Dominion of Canada can be broken down, and if the West can be lost to the British Empire by the building of a Jim Hill railway or a Jim Crow railway, running north and south, we may as well delay the publication of those new school geographies until the change comes and until the map has been recolored. If the continuance of this Dominion is dependent on so slight a matter, it is a Dominion that cannot be continued, for there will be roads north and south, there will be trade with Minneapolis and St. Paul, and wholesalers will cut prices if they see gain in it. During the past three or four years our Western prairie country has taken on an importance that makes it no longer possible for men with one set of ideas to hold and control it. That country will grow in response to the suns and rains and other provisions of nature. Railways will be built wherever railways will pay, and if we have faith in Canada we shall refuse to believe Mr. Whyte when he tells us that the existence of the Dominion is conditional upon our maintenance of laws and restraints that will dwarf the West to fit the harness with which she is yoked to Eastern Canada. It cannot be so. If it were so it would be a bad thing for Canada. Naturally the great bulk of trade will flow east and west, and there is not a railway proposition up for consideration anywhere that is not based on that fact. The grain grown on the prairies will seek the sea by the shortest path, for that path will be cheapest. The cars and boats that carry grain east can cheaply carry goods west. As a simple matter of business, untouched by sentiment, there seems no reason to doubt that trade between Eastern and Western Canada is a natural trade, and its continuance is not dependent on whether J. J. Hill or anybody else does this, that, or the other thing. If we were in a poor position, if we were attempting to erect a nation on lines so unpromising that one railway magnate could push it over, why the sooner it were pushed over the better. We want a nation here, and we want it here for the welfare of its

inhabitants and for the good of mankind. The only way to look at it is, that whatever is for the undoubted welfare of the country's inhabitants makes for the good of the nation, and cannot menace its permanence. Branch lines, feeders and suckers, will run north and south from the main lines east and west, and over these branch lines in time considerable trade will pass. Let it so pass. We cannot cork a country up, and nothing would be so ruinous to the trade of Eastern Canada with the West, as the idea that old Canada was hampering the natural expansion of the West in order to keep that vast country as an enforced trade preserve. No such purpose exists. But that marvellous organization the C.P.R. has always managed to play upon the patriotism and loyalty of this country by creating the impression that whatever project would compete with it would imperil the safety of the flag and sap the roots of the Empire. That company has always had on its staff a fine lot of loyal and patriotic joshers for upholding the flag, and freight rates. The C.P.R. is a great railway, but the company is this country's greatest exhibit.

ET when Mr. Whyte expresses the opinion that it is unfortunate that people from the United States resident in Winnipeg should be making arrangements for a great parade and celebration in that city on the Fourth of July, he is right enough. It is unfortunate under the

Western progress; he will be built into the structure of his institutions as they arise, and the quality of his citizenship will not come into question.

WHEN the Toronto Methodist conference was expressing such wholesale condemnation of tobacco in all its forms, it is probable that some of the brethren looked out of the windows. If there are no smokers among the Methodist clergymen of Toronto conference at present, it is the first time this has been the case. Some of the ablest preachers in this church have been smokers, and so long as they did not produce their pipes in public and horrify Mrs. Grundy, small harm was done that I know of. Yet this harm resulted, that these men smoked more or less secretly and to some extent humbugged their parishioners, which is a bad thing for any teacher or leader to do. There is a pleasure in deceiving Mrs. Grundy, which, once tasted, proves very pleasant. Yet what were these men to do? They were not "slaves to the weed." Men who neither smoke nor drink are too ready to talk about slavery, and to blame the vice rather than the individual. These men were not enslaved to tobacco, for they used it so sparingly and irregularly that they could have discontinued its use had they so desired. But they did not want to. They enjoyed smoking, felt benefited by it, and saw no reason for quitting it except the prejudice of non-smokers. They believed that when their church forbade

IT is said that there is a hitch as to the amount of retiring allowance that President Loudon is to receive on laying down the alleged reins up at Varsity. There should be no hitch. Mr. Loudon has spent forty years of his life with the Provincial university, for a long time has occupied a difficult position, and retires at a time when newer and better conditions are being introduced. There should be no cheese-paring in dealing with him, and he should not be allowed to carry a grievance into retirement with him. For years past he should have been exercising greater authority and receiving a larger salary than has been his, and on dropping out, he should, in the new light in which University matters are seen, be treated with liberality.

WHEN the parole system of dealing with prisoners was introduced, men saw at a glance that if anything could reclaim a man, turn him around and set him going in the right way, it was this plan of releasing him on condition that he should lead a life blameless before the law. But Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central Prison, claims that the parole system is being manipulated, and that convicts who have a pull, or are defended by lawyers who have a pull, are able to get out on parole without deserving such leniency. If this kind of thing is going on, a very promising experiment in the handling of criminals is being brought to failure, for the abuse of the system will lead to the abandonment of it. Once a man goes to prison he should be beyond the reach of pull—all the strings and wires should be beyond his grasp. From the moment the iron doors close on him until he has served the sentence imposed on him by the court he should be dead to the world and all its pulls, pomps and vanities. But, it having been found that singularly little reformation is wrought in the character of those who serve terms of imprisonment, it was thought that it might be well to treat the convict in a new way—to give him a gleam of daylight ahead. The parole system gave him a chance. Those who make a study of criminology believed that if a convict, with some good in him, were allowed to go free on condition that he should respect the laws and report at stated intervals to the authorities, the man would welcome the chance and would not risk the more severe sentence and hopeless imprisonment that would await him should he offend again. On the whole, the results of the experiment have been successful. Many men are at large leading more useful lives than they formerly did. Clearly, however, no convict should be released except upon the recommendation of those who make crime a study, who watch results and who aim to improve a prison system that never has been satisfactory. Personal influence should not get a man out on parole—neither the influence of relatives, lawyer nor politician. It should depend on the criminal himself to deserve release on parole, and, perhaps, lest household prejudice should tell against particular prisoners, it might be well to have a special Board to consider all cases.

MEMBERS of the party that sailed on the *Arctic*, in giving evidence before the Parliamentary committee at Ottawa, testify that "they found the Eskimo tribe honest." No doubt they found them honest, but the question is, how did they leave them?

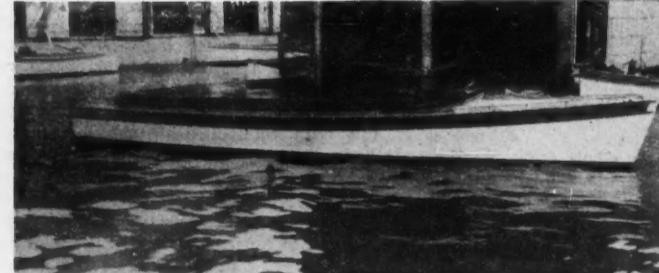
A CURIOUS paragraph is going the rounds just now about a pious and proud parent who has seven sons in the Christian ministry, scattered through five different denominations. So many good men rear sons who bring discredit upon them, that it is always gratifying to hear of a case like this, where a father has contributed seven sons to the work of teaching men so to live that they may not be afraid to die. But does not this case also reveal the very height of those absurd denominational conditions that prevail at the present time? From one home, from beside the same mother's knee, from under the same father's hand, seven brothers go out to preach Christianity, but they scatter throughout five rival denominations. Surely they could get together in their father's home and arrive at some common understanding of faith and teaching. Their differences must be in respect of non-essentials only, while confronting them all alike is the real work of inducing men to walk in clean ways. That a family can split up in this way, shows how trifling are the differences that separate various denominations—these differences no longer signify anything of real religious moment. These brothers, no doubt, scatter into the ministry of various churches through considerations of personal convenience in securing their training, rather than through any difference of opinion among them in matters of belief, or even church discipline. They ignored non-essentials, and each took the field where he most conveniently could, just as families in their church-going split up and attend various churches although not at all divided on questions of belief. One follows an eloquent preacher, another seeks the best singing; one attends the church where he can see the finest crowd, another goes to the little church where his presence and his contribution seem most needed. The whole voice of reason calls for Church Union. There is waste in division. Here we have not those historic, social and legal obstacles to union that exist in Great Britain. In addition to the material and moral economy that union would effect, there is the valuable consideration that different denominations would, by means of union, find it possible to abandon without discredit professions of creed and articles of discipline that have been found burdensome and are no longer loyally adhered to. Should the Presbyterians unite with other denominations, their difficulty with the Westminster Confession would be solved. Should the Methodists unite with others, they would escape thralldom to a discipline they can neither enforce nor modify. In the various denominations there are men who are very anxious to bring about reforms, for the introduction of which they see no opportunity except on



SATURDAY AFTERNOON RACING ON THE BAY.

THE MOTOR BOAT IN TORONTO

A 1906 MODEL—GENERAL PURPOSE BOAT.



ONE OF THE FAST ONES.



surrounding circumstances, and considering the remarkable aptitude of the persons in question for carrying such a celebration to extravagant lengths and utterly ignoring the sentiments of the people among whom they dwell. Such a celebration is bound to be carried too far. It will get out of hand; it will be almost sure to transgress the bounds of good taste, until even the hospitality of Winnipeg will take offence. Windy talkers will make speeches that will receive undeserved attention, and the sensational newspapers of the Republic will lead their readers to believe that Winnipeg and the whole West are impatient for annexation. There will be nothing to it. It will be, largely, an extra alcoholiday for Winnipeg. But even if it were true that in the minds of some taking part in this proposed celebration there lurks the political motive of giving voice and color to the idea of uniting the continent, still the matter need worry no one. People from the United States are pouring into our west country in considerable numbers, but in time we may expect them to celebrate the First instead of the Fourth of July. In time their day will take its place alongside St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's day, but no longer their national holiday. Say what he will about himself the "American" is first, last and all the time a business man, and when he is told that he is better off in Canada than he ever was at home—when he finds himself not only better off in pocket, but better governed, surrounded by cleaner politics, protected by purer courts and by laws better enforced, he will not be a man easily worked up into political unrest. He will be caught up in the whirl of

smoking, their church was wrong, and unnecessarily estranged thousands of people. Clergymen of other denominations smoke openly, and it is impossible to convince the people that the use of tobacco is sinful, or can be made so by denominational legislation. To smoke or not to smoke is a matter of taste and preference—like chewing gum, eating olives or sousing and scenting one's garments with Florida water. There are men in this town who, if they would but learn to sit back in chairs, get their feet up on something, blow smoke rings, relax their minds and cease from gambling, would be much easier mortals to live with.

WORD has gone forth that Dr. Osler has intimated to persons making enquiry on the subject that he is not available for the Presidency of Toronto University should the new Board of Governors decide to offer him the appointment, which, of course, they might not have done. Dr. Osler has arrived at a time of life, a state of mind and a professional standing, when residence in England must have much in it that will prove attractive to him. His duties at Oxford are light, important and remunerative, and it could scarcely be hoped that he could be lured back to this sawdust and tan-bark country to take off his coat and shovel learning into farm boys. The enterprising private persons who sounded Dr. Osler on the subject, have at least saved the Governors the pain of tendering the prize to one who would decline it. After all, perhaps, it is just as well. Dr. Osler as a medical practitioner has shown an inquisitiveness about the human

the occasion of such a complete re-making as would occur in the union of different churches. They want to re-say old truths in a way that will find modern acceptance. They want to abolish wordings that nobody to-day accepts without mental reservations that should not enter into such matters. In short, they want to be honest in questions of religion and conscience.

NOTHING can build up popular confidence in the meat packing industry of the United States but the agency that has destroyed it, and even that agency will find it easier to pull down than to build up. Exposure of the disgraceful conditions under which canned goods were prepared has been made in the press of the whole world, and to merely reform these conditions will not be enough. Even when that is done it will be necessary, through the press of the whole world, to show that the reformation has taken place. That will be next to impossible. The newspapers of the United States may feel an interest in spreading such news, but foreign papers will not feel called upon to busy themselves in the cause, nor will they be convinced, very readily, that reform in the packing methods has been genuine and complete. Soon we shall see the ten-cent magazines that flood America, filled with illustrated descriptions of the wonderful places where the food of the people is prepared with the utmost care. Rosy-faced girls in snow-white aprons will stand in long rows at marble tables, with a nice Sunday-school-supervising kind of man in charge of them. The picture will present an effect of daintiness, like that of a fashionable cooking class. You will be told that it is in rooms of this sort that all the food is handled, and the millionaire proprietor and his family will be shown, attired as becomes their wealth, eating potted meats on the premises. The whole industry will be so reformed, and the change will be so carefully photographed and advertised in the magazines, that one can imagine Texas steers fighting madly to be first to enter the beautiful slaughter rooms and pass under the hands of the white-suited slayers who will hereafter perform this task in Spotted Town. There will need to be, not only national, but State and municipal, inspection of such places, and men in every walk of life will have to be encouraged to go through such establishments at pleasure to see for themselves and testify to the absolute cleanliness and care with which meats are treated from the time they roam on the hoof until they come under the can-opener of the consumer. This food-preparing business will require hereafter to be conducted in glass houses, under the eye of the world. Prices will necessarily go up, but there should be a considerable improvement in the health of those people who eat prepared foods. The canning of vegetables, fish and everything else meant for table use, will have to be conducted on much more careful methods.

Wives who do not know how to keep house—who cannot be bothered learning to bake, roast or broil, and who feed their husbands on baled hay for breakfast, and canned what-nots cooked in Chicago for dinner, with factory pie for dessert, should read current literature on foods and go back to their mothers for some cooking lessons. The greatest pure food agency in the world is the fine old family cook stove. MACK.

Canadian Agents and British Consuls.

CANADIAN business men are not making what use they might of the facilities that exist for pushing their trade abroad. The Department of Trade and Commerce is seeking to stir them up to take advantage of their opportunities by keeping in touch with the Canadian commercial agents. Perhaps there are many business men who do not know who these agents are, and their names and addresses may be of interest:

Australasia—J. S. Larke, The Exchange, Sydney, agent for New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand; D. H. Ross, Stock Exchange, Melbourne, agent for Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania.

France—A. Poindron, 101 Rue Reaumur, Paris. Great Britain—P. B. Ball, Room 39 and 40, Central House, Birmingham; J. B. Jackson, cor. of E. Parade and Greek street, Leeds, agent for Leeds and Hull; P. B. MacNamara, Canada Chambers, 36 Spring Gardens, Manchester; W. A. MacKinnon, Sun Buildings, Clare street, Bristol.

Japan—Alex. MacLean, No. 14 Bund, Room B, Yokohama.

Mexico—A. W. Donly, Apartado 2029, Mexico, D.F., Mexico.

Newfoundland—E. D. Arnaud, Gazette Building, Walter street, St. John's.

Norway—C. E. Sontum, Grubbegd, No. 4, Christiania, Norway, also agent for Denmark.

South Africa—C. M. Kittson, Rhodes Building, Cape Town, Cape Colony.

West Indies—Eustace Burke, Kingston, Jamaica; R. Bryson, St. John, Antigua, agent for Antigua, Montserrat and Dominica; S. L. Horsford, St. Kitts, agent for St. Kitts, Nevis and the Virgin Islands; Edgar Tripp, Port of Spain, Trinidad, agent for Trinidad and Tobago.

In view of the somewhat general impression, especially among the manufacturers and exporters of Canada, that the commercial agency service should be greatly extended, and further in view of the fact that Canada has not a single commercial agent in the United States, the superintendent of commercial agencies recently addressed a circular letter to all British consuls-general and consuls in that Republic seeking if possible to bring about some measure of harmony between these officials and the Canadian business community, and thereby if possible unofficially enroll their services more directly in the interests of Canadian trade.

The impression has existed in Canada that British consuls would not interest themselves in pushing Canadian trade. The consuls in the United States have replied to enquiries cordially offering to place their services at the disposal of Canadians as of all other British subjects. So far, they say, in trade matters Canadians have not often availed themselves of their services.

Individualities.

Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, who lectured in Toronto a few months ago, and whose writings, charming for their sane outlook and delicacy of phrasing, have been widely read in Canada, leaves shortly for the Maine Coast for the summer. During his vacation he will give the finishing touches to his new volume of essays, *The Fortunes of the Republic*, to be issued this autumn by the Revell Company.

* * *

Noted English authors in the religious field are to be in Canada and the United States for this summer and fall. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan will occupy the pulpit at several places in addition to lecture work. Dr. W. L.

THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE

By H. W. Jakeway

SHE gave him her book to write in—
Her autograph book of blue—
And she said: "Write it straight, now, Tommy,
And something nice and true!"
Stiffly and squarely he wrote a ceremony.
For his queen with the eyes of Empir
Proudly, and signed it, "Tommy"—
"Maggie, I love you true."

A youth came from a college—
A student grave and wise—
He looked at the little old autograph book;
He looked at her true blue eyes.
And he scrawled, with cynical smiling,
In the old, old book of blue,
Of the folly of love, and signed it,
"Thomas Reginald Hugh."

A man came from his labors,
Learned in the school of years;
Gazed at the little blue book, and dreamed,
As he dreamed, through tears.
Then he looked and saw her smiling,
With tears in her eyes of blue.
And he wrote and signed it, "Tommy"—
"Maggie, I love you true."

Watkinson, probably England's most noted preacher of the day, is to lecture at various churches and seminaries. Gipsy Smith, an evangelist of much power, will lecture at various conferences and assemblies and in churches throughout the country.

Richard Croker, the former "Boss" of Tammany, though resident abroad, still keeps in close touch with United States affairs, through the newspapers or constant visitors from New York. He said to a visitor a few days ago: "I think Roosevelt is bound to be re-nominated and re-elected. His actions show he is more in the fight today than he ever was. Nothing can get him out of it. If opposition arises to him in the Republican party, I should, if I were at home, favor his nomination by the Democratic National Convention, as the situation stands to-day."

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is heir presumptive to the throne of Holland, is immensely wealthy, and almost certainly has more money invested in private business enterprises than any other royal living. He has more than a million in the Imperial Bank, the shareholders of which, by the way, include the King of Wurttemburg, Duke Karl Theodore of Bavaria, Prince Frederick of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Prince von Bulow, and scores of other dukes and princes. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is "interested" in meat, candles, furniture cream, hosiery, bootmaking, glass-blowing, and several publishing businesses.

Lord Sandwich, who has just been the King's host at Hinchingbrooke House, is one of the most cultivated and agreeable of bachelor peers. Nay, more, he is one of those men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." During the South African war he entertained wounded and invalid officers at his beautiful historic country seat, and many a brave soldier owes to him recovered health and the power to carry on the fight. The owner of Hinchingbrooke is very musical; no mean performer himself, he delights in entertaining musicians, both famed and obscure, and he has many devoted friends in the artistic world. Of late years Lord Sandwich has made some interesting additions to his country home, and the place, both indoors and out, is wonderfully stately and beautiful, while the library is noted among bibliophiles.

Readers of *The Martyrdom of an Empress*, of *The Trident and The Net*, and other works by the same popular authoress, will be interested to learn that the French Government has just bestowed upon her the Gold Palm Leaves of the Order de l'Instruction Publique, which is the grade immediately superior to that of Officer of the Academy. This distinction, rarely granted to women, is conferred in recognition of literary merit, and in this instance may be regarded as the appreciation by the French Government of the efforts of a native of Brittany, living in America, to make known here in an attractive light that most interesting portion of France. This being the case, the authoress is certain to attach much more value to the decoration just received than to the feminine orders of knighthood which she has possessed for years, and to prize it as highly as her medal for saving life.

Journalism in the United States is, on the whole, truly remarkable. For example, when an athlete who is "an American citizen" is defeated by a resident of another country, it is quite amazing and certainly very amusing to hear the papers "on the other side" explain how it happened. If the winner is a Canadian the easiest course is generally taken—that of claiming him as an "American." But many other remarkable explanations are made. The Yankee papers are trying to forget Sherring, and just now are telling their readers how it happened that Jay Gould, the United States court tennis crack, was beaten by Eustace Miles, an Englishman. A Buffalo paper says that Mr. Miles is such a diet crank that he "won by sheer force of bodily tissue built up by his remarkable system of dietetics." No wonder even a Yankee could not stand up against a freak of that sort! But the best of it is that the Buffalo paper says Mr. Miles, who is not only an athlete but a writer of books, first had his attention directed to food values while in Boston, U.S.A., a few years ago. Wonderful, isn't it?

Miss Olga Nethersole, the emotional English actress who harrowed the souls of a goodly number of Toronto theatre-goers during the past winter by playing *The Labyrinth* at the Princess, tells of an experience which she had a few seasons ago in Baltimore. She says: "I am very fond of dogs, and my favorite is a Scotch collie that I always carry with me wherever I go; but by some mischance, while I was playing in the monumental city, the dog strayed away, and for three days we made futile search for the pet. We advertised, offering big rewards, and were repaid in the usual lost-dog fashion by having to inspect all kinds, breeds and descriptions of animals brought to our doors by persons eager to capture the prize. On the evening of the third day my collie was caught at a police-station on the other side of the town, and my brother brought him to the theater, not thinking

to hold him in leash when he came to the stage-door. I was in the most trying part of the tragedy, the potion scene, when the collie, hearing my voice, made a bound for the stage; and just as I was ready to take the potion he sprang toward me and, leaping up, placed both paws upon my shoulder. I was so glad to see the prodigal that I forgot my business entirely, threw my arms about him, and stood there hugging him within full view of the audience. It is scarcely necessary to add that the curtain had to come down."

New York Letter.

THE cartoonists and paragraphers of the daily press are making merry just now over striking coincidences which Baron Speck Von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, has discovered between the maxims credited to Kang-Hi, the great Chinese Emperor, and those of the present executive of the White House, as culled from his speeches. To most of us the homely precepts of Mr. Roosevelt have long had all the familiarity of the commonplace, but it remained for the Baron, either in humor or in scientific curiosity to trace their actual antiquity. The Baron does not say that he has completed his researches, and it is possible, even probable, that the original of these excerpts may be found to date back much further than the eighteenth century. The interval of silence may be a long one, for it is safe to assume that until the diplomatic Ambassador has found this wisdom on the lips of a monarch worthy to compare with these other philosophic rulers, he will not publish the information.

* * *

The second anniversary of the *Slocum* disaster brought several thousand of the bereaved, their friends and actual survivors to the Lutheran Cemetery on Long Island the other day, where the annual memorial service was held. Many affecting scenes were witnessed as the old wounds were re-opened and the horrors of that day recalled, in which over a thousand helpless women and children were burned to death or drowned on that ill-fated Sunday school excursion. We are also reminded—and this is an interesting commentary on the administration of justice hereabout—that in spite of the proven culpability of everyone concerned—ship's officers, Government inspectors, and boat owners—not a hair of any official head has been hurt. The captain, it is true, was tried, convicted and sentenced a year and a half after the disaster, but has not yet served a day of his sentence, and is not likely to do so. Reflecting on such maladministration, the marvel is not that lynch law obtains in this enlightened country, but that it is confined to comparatively small areas. But the worst reproach of all is that the same thing could happen again on almost any excursion boat plying its trade in New York harbor.

* * *

Baseball is ever dear to the American heart, and pennant day proved a field day for the baseball enthusiasts of New York. Preceded by a squad of mounted police, brass bands, and every baseball team, youthful and grown-up, that had a uniform and could get a holiday, the Giants made a triumphal march down Broadway from Union square to the ball grounds, where the world's pennant was run up with proper ceremony. The mayor reviewed the procession from the City Hall steps, and the small boy cheered himself hoarse as team after team passed in review order, with "eyes left" and bats at the shoulder.

* * *

An excellent example of the old Canadian game of lacrosse was furnished on Saturday in the match between the Brantfords and Crescents on the latter's grounds at Bay Ridge, L.I. The final result was a tie, but had the Canadians shown the same speed in the first as in the second half their victory would have been decisive. A downpour of rain hampered the players at first, and made effective passing impossible, and from these conditions the visitors seemed to suffer most. They seemed also unprepared for the pace which their opponents set. In the second half, however, they pulled themselves together, changing the score from 3-1 to 3-3, and giving as good an exhibition of lacrosse as one could wish to see. The game evidently has its votaries on this side, for in spite of the weather the grand stand was packed and the rail lined with enthusiastic spectators.

* * *

The popularity of Mme. Bernhardt was put to a severe test this week, in inviting an audience at the tail end of the season and under practically midsummer conditions to attend her three farewell performances at the Lyric. With the thermometer in the eighties, it is not easy to take dramatic or any other art seriously, while the formality of indoor entertainment in formal attire is physically appalling. Visions of Coney Island, too, and roof gardens, lure one rather temptingly to their cool conserves and their less exacting means of entertainment. But Bernhardt, who has stood every test, even that of time, stood this with undiminished prestige, and the theater on all three occasions was packed from pit to dome. There were no such scenes as seem to have marked the Ellen Terry jubilee in London on the same day, but the reception was exceedingly enthusiastic and hearty.

The audience was, of course, not the usual one of mid-season that makes the visit of such a celebrity a social event, and no list of "among those present" had to be published. In fact, to all appearances the assemblage was quite as diverse as the programme. No one of any social account would own to being in town at this late date, to be sure, although the brilliant Roche-Burden wedding at Grace church the day before gave smart people an excellent excuse for at least a look-in. I saw Maxim Gorki in one of the boxes and a prima donna or two in another, and these proved more or less an index to the foreign, literary and Bohemian character of a large percentage of the house.

J. E. W.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Tourists' Travelling Rugs

In checks and plaids and comfortable looking mixed tones, in browns, fawns, greys, etc., etc., \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 to \$10.00. Also the Scottish Clan and Family Tartans, shown in Super Travelling Rugs.

Touring Capes and Wrap Shawls

Knitted Shawls, in silk and wool, fancy and honeycomb, also a fine stock of Real Shetland Shawls and Spencers.

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FOR
LADIES' SKIRTS**

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can always be depended upon to exactly match any desired shade. We carry first-quality hair only, and our prices bear comparison with any house on the continent.

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at prices 15 per cent. lower
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JEWELRY PARLORS
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Grass Widowers.

During the summer months Toronto possesses many professional, business, and other men whose wives and families leave them to the cheerless, empty house. We certainly sympathize with you, and assure you that Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths, 202 and 204 King street west, is the place where an enjoyable evening can be spent by taking a bath in this luxurious establishment; a dainty supper afterwards—then for a delicious sleep—in the morning a bracing cold shower and a swim in the marble swimming bath. You are then ready for a tasty breakfast returning to your office feeling a new man. Try it once, you will repeat it often.

Mr. W. Grant Morden paid a flying visit to town on Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Tait left on Monday for Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn went on Wednesday, and all sailed for England by the *Victorian* on Thursday morning.

A misprint or error of some sort in this column mentioned that Mrs. "Kent," instead of Kemp, and her daughters were back at Castle Frank. The mention of their home made the error plain to friends. They have had a most delightful sojourn of several months abroad, and I fancy have brought back some pretty things. Miss Kemp looked very smart at one of Friday's garden parties, where friends were greeting the travellers with hearty welcome home.

The engagement of Miss Creighton of Brantford and Mr. W. H. Fitton, C.B. of C., Brantford, is announced. Miss Creighton has many friends here, and admirers without number.

A merry matron tells me that it's rare fun to "do" Toronto's Coney Island (Haulan's Point) these evenings,

and that an excellent dinner is served at Hotel Hanlan. A variety of amusement and enough laughter to bid dull care be gone is the after-dinner digester which all may enjoy.

"Weather being kind" is always a proviso when anticipating Island festivities. The Yacht Club garden party on Thursday depended for its success on the right sort of effort on the part of the weather man, who rose to the occasion with a golden June day—just right temperature—so that the party opened with great *éclat*. The music of the band added greatly to the occasion, and the scene was of much brightness and beauty. In the evening the lawns were illuminated, and the club-house was filled to overflowing with guests for dinner, which was followed by the usual dance on the perfect floor of the ballroom upstairs. The particulars will be given next week.

The marriage of Miss Flora Patterson, daughter of Mr. R. L. Patterson of Fernwood, Todmorden, and Mr. Thomas Moore of Montreal, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Saturday at half-past two o'clock, Rev. T. Ashcroft of York Mills officiating. Although the weather was dull, the heavy rain of early morning did not last, and the guests had a chance to enjoy and admire the fine country place which is the Patterson homestead. Flowers and palms were lavishly used to decorate the spacious drawing-room and the entire mansion. An orchestra discoursed sweet music, and the smart assembly of relatives and friends awaited the bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, who looked the part, being of fine presence. Miss Patterson wore a handsome bridal gown of *poplin de soie*, and carried roses and lilies. She was attended by Miss Sarah Rogers of Deer Park, as bridesmaid, and Miss Lilian Patterson and Miss Isobel Ashcroft as flower girls, the bridesmaid wearing a beautiful costume of embroidered muslin, with a bouquet of pink roses, and the little girls in white muslin, sashed with pink. Mr. Edward Moore of Montreal was best man. After the ceremony, hearty congratulations were offered to the young couple, most of the guests being old friends who have seen the bride grow up from happy childhood into bright, intelligent girlhood, and very lovable young womanhood. After the usual speeches and compliments the bride and groom left for their honeymoon in New York, Mrs. Moore going away in a costume de voyage of grey homespun, touched with blue and gold, and a pretty white hat. A great many handsome gifts testified to her friends' esteem and affection for her.

Miss Dallas, whose queenly presence and charming tact have been the pride of Westbourne School since she, as first principal, took charge, is leaving Toronto, and going to make her home in Vancouver, where her mother and sister have been living for some time. To say that her hosts of friends regret losing Miss Dallas from Toronto is putting it very mildly.

Mrs. Fudger, who, I hear, advanced her tea from Saturday to Friday rather than conflict with her friend, Mrs. Flavelle's similar entertainment, had her reward in the beautiful afternoon which made her guests enjoy the affair exceedingly. A military band played on the lawn of the residence in Maple avenue, and all went most joyously, the marquee on the beautiful green turf being set with a handsome buffet done with peonies in red and white and pink. The guest of honor was Mrs. R. B. Fudger, daughter-in-law of the hostess. The guests were many and the gowns extremely smart.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not, as reported, go to Niagara on Monday. They will spend the summer at the Royal Muskoka with their little daughters. Mrs. Falconbridge, who has been in New York, returned home last week.

Miss Helena Thompson has gone to Nelson on a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. Wragge. Lady Thompson and her youngest daughter, Miss Frankie, are in Muskoka, where they always spend as much of the summer as is possible.

The promotion of Mr. Haydn Horsey to a post in the Bank at Montreal, which necessitates his removal from Toronto, soon to be followed by Mrs. Horsey, is a matter of sincere regret to the many friends of this popular pair, who congratulate them with a mental reservation.

The newest and smartest thing in tea-rooms, the Teapot Inn, will open on July 3 at 103 Yonge street. A charming color scheme, an artistic simplicity, refinement of service, and the personal supervision of the gentle women who are carrying out the idea, will combine with appetizing viands and moderate charges to make the Teapot Inn a desirable resort for those who wish to refresh themselves or to entertain their friends with the ordered comfort they are accustomed to at home. Business men will find the new lunch room central, the service prompt, and the meals satisfactory.



"THE MAN RECOVERED OF THE BITE—

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED."

Lady (to Vet.)—Oh! Mr. Smith. Poor dear, brave Fido bit a horrid man an hour ago. Do you think my darling will die?—*Tatler*.

RIXON—McCARROLL—On June 20, at Christ Church, Meaford, by Rev. Thomas Brown, assisted by Rev. Dean McCarroll, M.D., Detroit, Mich., Isabelle, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCarroll, Meaford, to Captain Arthur W. Rixon, son of the late Rev. Thomas Rixon.

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The new office of the Bank, at Nos. 197-9 Yonge street, a few doors above Queen street, is situated in the heart of the retail shopping district, adjacent to the large departmental stores, and offers special facilities to women who shop at these stores for both housekeeping and savings accounts. Every convenience, including a women's writing-room, has been provided for customers.

R. CASSELS, Manager.

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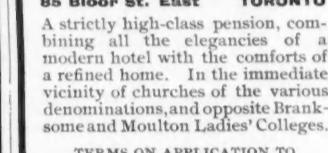
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ROMANCE OF A GREAT MINE

BY S. E. MOFFETT

THE most extraordinary deposit of native copper known to exist on the globe is "On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Of the shining Big Sea Water."

Indeed, there is no other mass of pure metal of any kind to compare with it. A single little nugget of Lake Superior copper weighed over five hundred tons. There is a famous lump of ore, weighing between three and four tons, at the National Museum at Washington. The Indians used to chip off bits of it around the edges, but they could make no impression on its bulk with their stone tools.

Its fame induced General Lewis Cass to send a party up the Ontonagon river, in 1819, when he was heading the first exploring expedition despatched by the United States through the Lake Superior region. The Cass party tried to detach the copper from its bed by heaping thirty cords of wood upon it and then dousing the heated rock with cold water, after the fashion of the old Indian miners, but they failed. Others made equally futile attempts, but finally, after nursing the scheme for sixteen years, Julius Eldred of Detroit succeeded in getting the treasure afloat in 1843. He had bought it once from the Chippewa Indians, who owned the land on which it lay, and then had to buy it again from a rival who was preparing to remove it under a permit from the Secretary of War. He built a wooden railway, on a road cut through the forest for the purpose, and jacked the boulder with a capstan and chains for four miles and a half through ravines and over hills six hundred feet high to get it to navigable water. When it finally reached the lake the Government thanked Mr. Eldred for his trouble and took possession of the treasure as public property.

The authorities generously allowed the pioneer to put his curiosity on exhibition for a month at twenty-five cents a head, and then carted it off to Washington. Eldred appealed to Congress, and surpassed all his previous efforts by the almost miraculous feat of getting a relief bill through that body in four years instead of the usual three generations. By the authority of this Act the Government paid to him and his sons \$5,664.98 for the Ontonagon boulder. Thus was inaugurated the commercial copper industry of Lake Superior.

Five hundred years ago, when the forest stretched unbroken from sea to prairie, and no smudge of coal-smoke defiled the sapphire sky, the finger of land pointing from Northern Michigan into Lake Superior, with Isle Royale beyond, was a center of American industry. The Indians prized copper as we prize gold, and there were just two places on the continent where they could get it. One was on the Copper-mine river, on the Arctic confines of the Canadian North-West, and the other was on Lake Superior. They had no use for ores that called for scientific reduction-works—what they wanted was a place where they could pick up lumps of pure metal from the ground, and beat them into knives and spoons with stone hammers. And Northern Michigan provided exactly what they needed.

To the Indian, copper was at once a precious treasure and a formidable "medicine," to be treated with cautious respect. The god Missibizi was particularly jealous of the supply of it on his island of Michipicoten. Modern map-makers have fastened the island down to a point about ten miles from the Canadian shore of Lake Superior, but in Missibizi's time it used to be afloat, and the god would shift it from one part of the lake to another, as the humor took him. It is not unlike a canoe in shape, and when the Indians saw that gigantic craft, fifteen miles long, plunging through the waves, with the angry deity sitting on its hills, his head wreathed in thunderclouds, and his long, black hair snapping in the storm, as he propelled himself with vicious strokes of a paddle as big as the board-walk at Atlantic City, they were excusable for placing themselves elsewhere as unobtrusively as possible. One day, some centuries ago, four of them happened upon the island in a fog. They drew up their canoe on the beach and cooked some fish by putting them in water in birch-bark vessel, boiling the water with red-hot stones. These stones were some of Missibizi's copper nuggets. They were red and heavy, and the Indians thought them worth taking home to their children. Accordingly, they put them into their canoe, and, when the weather cleared, they pushed off. But, while they were still in the shadow of the island, they heard the awful voice of the god roaring his wrath at the thieves who had robbed his children of their toys. One of them, according to the legend, died of fright on the spot. The others paddled, with the clutch of desperate terror at their hearts, until their canoe grated upon the beach of the mainland. They started home, and two dropped dead on the way. The solitary survivor staggered into the village of his tribe, exhibited the red stones, with which he had never parted, and told his tale. Then he died, too, and the vengeance of Missibizi was complete. The Jesuit missionaries, to whom this tale was told long afterward, tried to explain away the miracle. They pretended that the copper in the boiling water poisoned the fish, and that the roaring voice of Missibizi was nothing but an echo in the rocks. They even rationalized the floating island into an illusion caused by refraction through the mists. But the Indians knew better. They knew that the higher powers were all around them. The lake itself was a divinity, to which they prudently offered sacrifices. Every lump of copper had celestial qualities, and many nuggets were individual deities. Father Claude Allouez, who saw the copper deposits of Lake Superior in 1665, and was the first white man to describe them with any accuracy, found a whole pantheon of copper gods there. "One often," he remarked in the journal embodied in the *Jesuit Relations*, "finds at the bottom of the water, pieces of pure copper of ten and twenty lives' weight. I have several times seen such pieces in the savages' hands; and, since they are superstitious, they keep them as so many divinities, or as presents which the gods dwelling beneath the water have given them, and on which their welfare is to depend. For this reason they preserve these pieces of copper, wrapped up, among their most precious possessions. Some have kept them for more than fifty years; others have had them in their families from time immemorial, and cherish them as household gods."

Father Allouez was told of "a sort of great rock, all of copper," projecting from the water, but when he passed that way nothing was to be seen of it. Always ready with a natural explanation for the miracles of any religion but his own, he thought the storm had covered it with sand; but the Indians assured him that it was a

divinity who, for some reason satisfactory to himself, had chosen to disappear.

Another Indian theory at this time was that the nuggets of copper found under water in the lake and in the river emptying into it were the riches of the gods who dwelt in the depths of the earth. This idea was easily related with the solicitude of Missibizi for the playthings of his children.

Before the visit of Father Allouez, Father Joliet had been sent by the Intendant Talon to investigate the copper-mines of which rumors had been brought to Montreal by the fur-trading Indians, but he had met with no success.

The first published hints of these deposits had been given by La Gardie in 1636, but nothing definite was known of them until the Jesuit missionaries encountered them in the course of that prolonged martyrdom in the splendor of whose enduring courage all the romances of chivalry flicker like tallow-dips.

The first reference made by the Jesuits to Lake Superior copper appears in the Relation for 1659-60, supposed to have been written by Father Lalemant. The writer, whose knowledge was obtained from a converted Indian, said of the lake: "It is also enriched in its entire circumference with mines of lead in a nearly pure state, with copper of such excellence that pieces as large as one's fist are found, all refined; and with great rocks, having whole veins of turquoise." When to this were added golden sands and easy communication by water with the Pacific Ocean the bit of plain truth about copper almost disappears from view.

After the expulsion of the French from North America the English nego¹ 1² 1³ 1⁴ 1⁵ 1⁶ 1⁷ 1⁸ 1⁹ 1¹⁰ 1¹¹ 1¹² 1¹³ 1¹⁴ 1¹⁵ 1¹⁶ 1¹⁷ 1¹⁸ 1¹⁹ 1²⁰ 1²¹ 1²² 1²³ 1²⁴ 1²⁵ 1²⁶ 1²⁷ 1²⁸ 1²⁹ 1³⁰ 1³¹ 1³² 1³³ 1³⁴ 1³⁵ 1³⁶ 1³⁷ 1³⁸ 1³⁹ 1⁴⁰ 1⁴¹ 1⁴² 1⁴³ 1⁴⁴ 1⁴⁵ 1⁴⁶ 1⁴⁷ 1⁴⁸ 1⁴⁹ 1⁵⁰ 1⁵¹ 1⁵² 1⁵³ 1⁵⁴ 1⁵⁵ 1⁵⁶ 1⁵⁷ 1⁵⁸ 1⁵⁹ 1⁶⁰ 1⁶¹ 1⁶² 1⁶³ 1⁶⁴ 1⁶⁵ 1⁶⁶ 1⁶⁷ 1⁶⁸ 1⁶⁹ 1⁷⁰ 1⁷¹ 1⁷² 1⁷³ 1⁷⁴ 1⁷⁵ 1⁷⁶ 1⁷⁷ 1⁷⁸ 1⁷⁹ 1⁸⁰ 1⁸¹ 1⁸² 1⁸³ 1⁸⁴ 1⁸⁵ 1⁸⁶ 1⁸⁷ 1⁸⁸ 1⁸⁹ 1⁹⁰ 1⁹¹ 1⁹² 1⁹³ 1⁹⁴ 1⁹⁵ 1⁹⁶ 1⁹⁷ 1⁹⁸ 1⁹⁹ 1¹⁰⁰ 1¹⁰¹ 1¹⁰² 1¹⁰³ 1¹⁰⁴ 1¹⁰⁵ 1¹⁰⁶ 1¹⁰⁷ 1¹⁰⁸ 1¹⁰⁹ 1¹¹⁰ 1¹¹¹ 1¹¹² 1¹¹³ 1¹¹⁴ 1¹¹⁵ 1¹¹⁶ 1¹¹⁷ 1¹¹⁸ 1¹¹⁹ 1¹²⁰ 1¹²¹ 1¹²² 1¹²³ 1¹²⁴ 1¹²⁵ 1¹²⁶ 1¹²⁷ 1¹²⁸ 1¹²⁹ 1¹³⁰ 1¹³¹ 1¹³² 1¹³³ 1¹³⁴ 1¹³⁵ 1¹³⁶ 1¹³⁷ 1¹³⁸ 1¹³⁹ 1¹⁴⁰ 1¹⁴¹ 1¹⁴² 1¹⁴³ 1¹⁴⁴ 1¹⁴⁵ 1¹⁴⁶ 1¹⁴⁷ 1¹⁴⁸ 1¹⁴⁹ 1¹⁵⁰ 1¹⁵¹ 1¹⁵² 1¹⁵³ 1¹⁵⁴ 1¹⁵⁵ 1¹⁵⁶ 1¹⁵⁷ 1¹⁵⁸ 1¹⁵⁹ 1¹⁶⁰ 1¹⁶¹ 1¹⁶² 1¹⁶³ 1¹⁶⁴ 1¹⁶⁵ 1¹⁶⁶ 1¹⁶⁷ 1¹⁶⁸ 1¹⁶⁹ 1¹⁷⁰ 1¹⁷¹ 1¹⁷² 1¹⁷³ 1¹⁷⁴ 1¹⁷⁵ 1¹⁷⁶ 1¹⁷⁷ 1¹⁷⁸ 1¹⁷⁹ 1¹⁸⁰ 1¹⁸¹ 1¹⁸² 1¹⁸³ 1¹⁸⁴ 1¹⁸⁵ 1¹⁸⁶ 1¹⁸⁷ 1¹⁸⁸ 1¹⁸⁹ 1¹⁹⁰ 1¹⁹¹ 1¹⁹² 1¹⁹³ 1¹⁹⁴ 1¹⁹⁵ 1¹⁹⁶ 1¹⁹⁷ 1¹⁹⁸ 1¹⁹⁹ 1²⁰⁰ 1²⁰¹ 1²⁰² 1²⁰³ 1²⁰⁴ 1²⁰⁵ 1²⁰⁶ 1²⁰⁷ 1²⁰⁸ 1²⁰⁹ 1²¹⁰ 1²¹¹ 1²¹² 1²¹³ 1²¹⁴ 1²¹⁵ 1²¹⁶ 1²¹⁷ 1²¹⁸ 1²¹⁹ 1²²⁰ 1²²¹ 1²²² 1²²³ 1²²⁴ 1²²⁵ 1²²⁶ 1²²⁷ 1²²⁸ 1²²⁹ 1²³⁰ 1²³¹ 1²³² 1²³³ 1²³⁴ 1²³⁵ 1²³⁶ 1²³⁷ 1²³⁸ 1²³⁹ 1²⁴⁰ 1²⁴¹ 1²⁴² 1²⁴³ 1²⁴⁴ 1²⁴⁵ 1²⁴⁶ 1²⁴⁷ 1²⁴⁸ 1²⁴⁹ 1²⁵⁰ 1²⁵¹ 1²⁵² 1²⁵³ 1²⁵⁴ 1²⁵⁵ 1²⁵⁶ 1²⁵⁷ 1²⁵⁸ 1²⁵⁹ 1²⁶⁰ 1²⁶¹ 1²⁶² 1²⁶³ 1²⁶⁴ 1²⁶⁵ 1²⁶⁶ 1²⁶⁷ 1²⁶⁸ 1²⁶⁹ 1²⁷⁰ 1²⁷¹ 1²⁷² 1²⁷³ 1²⁷⁴ 1²⁷⁵ 1²⁷⁶ 1²⁷⁷ 1²⁷⁸ 1²⁷⁹ 1²⁸⁰ 1²⁸¹ 1²⁸² 1²⁸³ 1²⁸⁴ 1²⁸⁵ 1²⁸⁶ 1²⁸⁷ 1²⁸⁸ 1²⁸⁹ 1²⁹⁰ 1²⁹¹ 1²⁹² 1²⁹³ 1²⁹⁴ 1²⁹⁵ 1²⁹⁶ 1²⁹⁷ 1²⁹⁸ 1²⁹⁹ 1³⁰⁰ 1³⁰¹ 1³⁰² 1³⁰³ 1³⁰⁴ 1³⁰⁵ 1³⁰⁶ 1³⁰⁷ 1³⁰⁸ 1³⁰⁹ 1³¹⁰ 1³¹¹ 1³¹² 1³¹³ 1³¹⁴ 1³¹⁵ 1³¹⁶ 1³¹⁷ 1³¹⁸ 1³¹⁹ 1³²⁰ 1³²¹ 1³²² 1³²³ 1³²⁴ 1³²⁵ 1³²⁶ 1³²⁷ 1³²⁸ 1³²⁹ 1³³⁰ 1³³¹ 1³³² 1³³³ 1³³⁴ 1³³⁵ 1³³⁶ 1³³⁷ 1³³⁸ 1³³⁹ 1³⁴⁰ 1³⁴¹ 1³⁴² 1³⁴³ 1³⁴⁴ 1³⁴⁵ 1³⁴⁶ 1³⁴⁷ 1³⁴⁸ 1³⁴⁹ 1³⁵⁰ 1³⁵¹ 1³⁵² 1³⁵³ 1³⁵⁴ 1³⁵⁵ 1³⁵⁶ 1³⁵⁷ 1³⁵⁸ 1³⁵⁹ 1³⁶⁰ 1³⁶¹ 1³⁶² 1³⁶³ 1³⁶⁴ 1³⁶⁵ 1³⁶⁶ 1³⁶⁷ 1³⁶⁸ 1³⁶⁹ 1³⁷⁰ 1³⁷¹ 1³⁷² 1³⁷³ 1³⁷⁴ 1³⁷⁵ 1³⁷⁶ 1³⁷⁷ 1³⁷⁸ 1³⁷⁹ 1³⁸⁰ 1³⁸¹ 1³⁸² 1³⁸³ 1³⁸⁴ 1³⁸⁵ 1³⁸⁶ 1³⁸⁷ 1³⁸⁸ 1³⁸⁹ 1³⁹⁰ 1³⁹¹ 1³⁹² 1³⁹³ 1³⁹⁴ 1³⁹⁵ 1³⁹⁶ 1³⁹⁷ 1³⁹⁸ 1³⁹⁹ 1⁴⁰⁰ 1⁴⁰¹ 1⁴⁰² 1⁴⁰³ 1⁴⁰⁴ 1⁴⁰⁵ 1⁴⁰⁶ 1⁴⁰⁷ 1⁴⁰⁸ 1⁴⁰⁹ 1⁴¹⁰ 1⁴¹¹ 1⁴¹² 1⁴¹³ 1⁴¹⁴ 1⁴¹⁵ 1⁴¹⁶ 1⁴¹⁷ 1⁴¹⁸ 1⁴¹⁹ 1⁴²⁰ 1⁴²¹ 1⁴²² 1⁴²³ 1⁴²⁴ 1⁴²⁵ 1⁴²⁶ 1⁴²⁷ 1⁴²⁸ 1⁴²⁹ 1⁴³⁰ 1⁴³¹ 1⁴³² 1⁴³³ 1⁴³⁴ 1⁴³⁵ 1⁴³⁶ 1⁴³⁷ 1⁴³⁸ 1⁴³⁹ 1⁴⁴⁰ 1⁴⁴¹ 1⁴⁴² 1⁴⁴³ 1⁴⁴⁴ 1⁴⁴⁵ 1⁴⁴⁶ 1⁴⁴⁷ 1⁴⁴⁸ 1⁴⁴⁹ 1⁴⁵⁰ 1⁴⁵¹ 1⁴⁵² 1⁴⁵³ 1⁴⁵⁴ 1⁴⁵⁵ 1⁴⁵⁶ 1⁴⁵⁷ 1⁴⁵⁸ 1⁴⁵⁹ 1⁴⁶⁰ 1⁴⁶¹ 1⁴⁶² 1⁴⁶³ 1⁴⁶⁴ 1⁴⁶⁵ 1⁴⁶⁶ 1⁴⁶⁷ 1⁴⁶⁸ 1⁴⁶⁹ 1⁴⁷⁰ 1⁴⁷¹ 1⁴⁷² 1⁴⁷³ 1⁴⁷⁴ 1⁴⁷⁵ 1⁴⁷⁶ 1⁴⁷⁷ 1⁴⁷⁸ 1⁴⁷⁹ 1⁴⁸⁰ 1⁴⁸¹ 1⁴⁸² 1⁴⁸³ 1⁴⁸⁴ 1⁴⁸⁵ 1⁴⁸⁶ 1^{487</}

June 23, 1906

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Reports on Securities furnished on application.

Bonds and Stock bought and sold on Commission.

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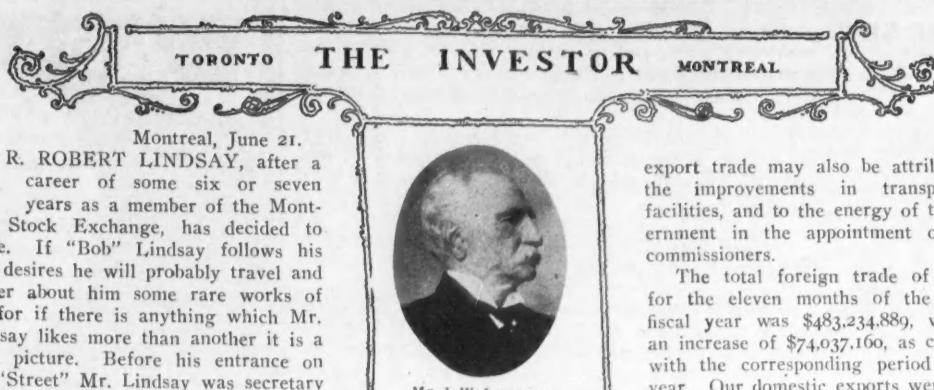
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SEND TO
H. C. HAMMOND, Treasurer
21 Jordan St., Toronto

Montreal, June 21.
M. R. ROBERT LINDSAY, after a career of some six or seven years as a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, has decided to retire. If "Bob" Lindsay follows his own desires he will probably travel and gather about him some rare works of art, for if there is anything which Mr. Lindsay likes more than another it is a good picture. Before his entrance on the "Street" Mr. Lindsay was secretary of the Montreal Art Association. He then became interested in the brokerage business, finally giving up the Art Association altogether for the more remunerative but less artistic buying and selling of stocks. Quiet and reserved, Mr. Lindsay is, nevertheless, one of the most popular men on the "Street" and many frequenters will be sincerely sorry to have him disappear from those familiar haunts.

Speaking of art in combination with the brokerage business reminds one of the fact that there are several brokers whose art collections are worthy of more than passing attention. For instance, there is Mr. Harry Scott one of the best-known and oldest members of the Exchange. He has a house as well as an office full of fine pictures, and knows as well as anyone the value of a painting when he sees it. Then there is Senator Forget, who has within the past few years gathered together an elaborate and expensive collection, while W. H. Weir has been a liberal buyer of paintings for a long time. The most artistic "cuss" the "Street" has seen in the present decade, however, is J. Try-Davies, who is now retired from the Exchange, and who spends a liberal portion of his time in Europe. Try-Davies not only knows a picture when he sees it, but is a writer of no mean ability. He has turned out a number of works—mostly for private circulation—which are extremely creditable. For years he was a foremost member of a small and artistic set known as the Pen and Pencil Club. They wrote, drew and composed for their own amusement, and the outside world has known little or nothing of it. Mr. Try-Davies' Montreal residence is a marvel in its way, and from cellar to garret reflects the personality of its owner.

There can be no question but that the scarcity of labor, ordinary everyday pick and shovel men, is keeping back numerous of our large industrial corporations. For instance, the Dominion Coal Company is hard put for laborers, and quite recently Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, vice-president of this corporation, told your correspondent that his company did not know where to turn for men at Glace Bay. He said that they were seriously thinking of bringing on a lot of Chinese, as it appeared a hopeless task to supply themselves from other sources. So hard pressed for laborers are some of the city's manufacturing concerns that they are actually employing men to induce firemen and sailors away from the trans-Atlantic liners in the port, and as a matter of fact a number of steamships have set sail from Montreal short of men in the stoke hole from this cause. There appears to be skilled mechanics sufficient to meet present requirements, but the man with a broad back, a pair of hands, two legs and a willingness to work is the fellow everybody wants.

A dream respecting an order for 150,000 tons of rails, the same to be forthcoming from the That Order Grand Trunk Pacific and filled by the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, was set afloat a few days ago by a Montreal brokerage firm, the purpose being to boom the Steel Company. Mr. J. H. Plummer happened to be in the city, however, and denied the whole story to the first newspaper man he met, thereby upsetting someone's apple cart. As a matter of fact there was not an atom of truth in the whole yarn, though without a doubt, when the time comes, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company will receive a fair share of the Grand Trunk Pacific order for rails, as Mr. Plummer, since his return from Europe, has been able to adjust the differences which existed between the selling department of his corporation and the G.T.P. It is safe to say that if Mr. Plummer's health had permitted of his staying here throughout the past winter in place of remaining in Europe, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company would not be short of orders at the present time.

Rodolphe Forget, M.P., is among those who believe that Montreal Street Railway stock will eventually look pretty cheap around three hundred. It is only a matter of time, perhaps six months or a year, when a general reorganization of the M.S.R. will take place. This reorganization will be necessary, as there are various suburban lines to take in, and in the general shuffle the stockholders will naturally come in for a share of the plum. It may be said in favor of M.S.R. stock that to-day it represents more actual capital and less water than any large corporation in the city, and further it is efficiently managed. The "public be damned" policy which has always been so evident in the Power Company does not exist here. A citizen with a justifiable "kick" will always get a hearing and some satisfaction at the head office of the M.S.R. Men such as W. G. Ross, the managing director; Duncan McDonald, manager, and Patrick Dubee, secretary, all have the faculty of smoothing out the indignant citizen; making him feel better and at the same time seeing that the corporation they serve gets all that it is entitled to. With the M. S. R. there is an honest endeavor to serve the people, give them a good street car service, and do it all at reasonable rates. This the average Montreal appreciates, and in place of being on the outs with the corporation which is monopolizing the city streets, the citizen points proudly to the service and speaks in the highest terms of it to his visitor from abroad.

TORONTO, June 21.
THE enormous increase in the domestic exports of Canada the past few years is far beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine observer of the country's development. A large share of this increase is no doubt due to the extended operations of the farmer in the North-West. A proof of this is that while the exports for the past eleven months increased \$42,135,845 over the preceding year, the increase in agricultural products alone was \$22,409,000. The rapid growth of our

export trade may also be attributed to the improvements in transportation facilities, and to the energy of the Government in the appointment of trade commissioners.

The total foreign trade of Canada for the eleven months of the present fiscal year was \$483,234,889, which is an increase of \$74,037,160, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. Our domestic exports were \$208,233,972, an increase of \$42,135,845; while our imports were \$257,421,427, an increase of \$24,146,800. The exports of the United States for the eleven months of the present fiscal year were \$839,045,414, which is a trifle over four times as much. Individually, however, our exports are much greater than our neighbors. Canada's exports for the eleven months is equivalent to \$34.66 for every man, woman and child in the country, while the value of the United States exports is equivalent to only \$10.37 per capita. The export trade of Great Britain is about \$20 per head of population. The immense increase in immigration into the Republic has not stimulated the exports of that country, as one would imagine. Our imports for the eleven months are valued at \$257,421,427, an increase of only \$24,146,000, while exports increased \$42,135,000. This, no doubt, is a favorable exhibit.

The crop situation is being discussed at this time by almost everybody. The grain production is of vital importance in Canada, not alone to the grower, but to the manufacturer, importer, banker and investor. Impending trouble arising from a too extended credit is often averted by a bountiful yield of produce. Financially our farmers were never in better shape than to-day, owing to good crops and high prices for several years past. Under such conditions, general business could not be otherwise than prosperous. In the Province of Ontario the outlook for the crops is good. Fall wheat bids fair to be above the average yield, while the recent rains have been most beneficial to the hay crop. Owing to the mixed farming carried on in Ontario the hay crop is even of more importance than that of wheat. On the whole, a larger grain yield than last year is anticipated.

The reports from the North-West Provinces this week with regard to grain were never more hopeful. Prospects at this writing are for a record crop. The Winnipeg Commercial predicted a wheat crop of 85,000,000 bushels for 1905, which was only a few thousand bushels too high. The same authority now estimates the wheat crop of 1906 at about 97,000,000 bushels. At an average of 65 cents per bushel, a population of about 800,000 will have \$63,000,000 to spend. This, it must be remembered, is from wheat alone. The area sown in oats is 1,838,000 acres, as against 1,774,000 acres in 1905; barley, 546,000 acres, as against 529,000 acres last year.

The fourth annual meeting of the Sovereign Bank of Canada was held last week in Toronto. Sovereign and the shareholders received a highly satisfactory report. As Hon. James Young said at the meeting, the fact that this bank had accumulated \$12,000,000 in deposits in four years evinced the cordiality of the public towards the institution. One of the advantages of the Sovereign Bank in securing expansion of business is the wide distribution of its shares. One of the most important events of the year was the sale of a large block of stock to the Dresser Bank at \$130 per share net to the Bank, this, with the new stock issued in Canada, increasing the paid-up capital to \$3,585,410 on April 30. The reserve fund increases proportionately as the capital is paid in, and now amounts to about \$1,250,000. Another point considered very gratifying by the shareholders was the fact that the Bank's building in Montreal is a very profitable investment, netting 5 per cent. per annum.

With such favorable agricultural conditions, there is naturally a very cheerful sentiment in business and money circles. Unless some unforeseen calamity happens before the harvests are garnered, the good times will continue, and the field for investment be enlarged. It is astonishing with what celerity the new capital issues put upon the market within a twelvemonth have been taken up, and apparently without affecting the money market to any great extent. Prices of securities continue to rule very steady, notwithstanding the recent weakness of Americans. The action of the stock market here reflects but a limited amount of stock for sale. There is no floating supply, and while there is more or less activity, prices rally more quickly than they decline.

Railway issues have been very quiet, with no important changes in prices. The companies are all doing a very heavy business, traffic returns showing large increases as compared with the previous year. The fifty weeks' gross earnings of Canadian Pacific are \$10,644,000 greater than for the corresponding period of 1904-1905. Senator Forget, always a believer in C.P.R., was on Tuesday appointed a director of this road, succeeding the late Mr. Harris of Boston. Toronto Railway, Detroit United and Twin City stocks, largely held by Canadians, are also making handsome returns. There has been a good deal of buying in Canadian General Electric and Dominion Coal, with slight advances in these issues. Bank shares have been somewhat neglected of late, with no important changes in prices. At the annual meeting of the Ontario Bank on Tuesday, the announcement was made that hereafter dividends would be made quarterly instead of half-yearly.

This is the young man's day. Even the Toronto Stock Exchange recognizes this by the election on Tuesday of Mr. A. P. Burrill as its president. He succeeded Mr. R. H. Temple, a charter member of the Exchange. Several other office holders of years have also given way to younger men. Mr. F. G. Osler, for instance, has been placed on the executive committee, along with Mr. E. Cronyn and Mr. W. Murray Alexander, while Mr. S. Temple Blackwood has been made an auditor. The vice-president is Mr. G. Tower Ferguson; secretary, J. O. Buchanan; and treasurer, W. H. Brouse. Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, the acting secretary, continues to supervise the daily business.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - 2,500,000
Total Assets - - 29,000,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at half-yearly rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

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Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 2.

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA, and that the same will be payable at its head office, in Toronto, and at the branches, on and after Tuesday, the 3rd of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.
G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.

IMPORTED CIGARS
For Short Outings**La Antiguedad****Bock'y Co. (Golden Eagle)****Henry Clay****La Carolina****Manuel Garcia****La Rosina**

BOXES OF 25 - \$3.00 UPWARDS

G. W. MULLER, 9 King Street West TORONTO**Isn't it Nice**

to know that there's one place in Toronto where one can take an out-of-town friend for dinner or luncheon or supper — and feel proud of it? The

St. Charles Dutch Grill

is that place—a grill room that has no equal for food or service outside of New York and London.

Money From Paris.

The official announcement of the sale of \$50,000,000 fifteen-year 3 3/4 per cent. bonds of the Pennsylvania Railway in Paris had a reassuring effect on Wall Street sentiment. With taxes, commissions, etc., this loan will cost the road about 4 5/8 per cent. per annum. This is the first direct American railway loan made in Paris, and at this time it is considered a decidedly favorable factor from more than one point of view. Besides helping the monetary situation, which is somewhat strained at present, it will, by providing additional facilities, permit the handling of traffic to better advantage. All fear of gold exports in the near future are dispelled, and the product of the yellow metal in the Klondike and Alaska will be retained in America. Thus the stock of gold there is likely to be fully one hundred million dollars more than it was at the first of the year. And in this way begins to look as if the problem of providing funds for the movement of the crops in August and September has been solved.

Choice of Evils.

Smiley—I hope you won't mind if I bring a friend home to dinner tonight dear?

Mrs. Smiley—Oh no; that is better than being brought home by a friend after dinner.—Chicago "News."

Civilization.

The savage with his poisoned spear. We deem contemptible and low; The culture which to us is dear Is something that he cannot know.

Yet while in ignorance he roams And o'er his bleeding victim gloats, We pay strong men to guard our home.

And halt those who would cut our throats.

We pity those benighted bands Who yield to greed an open course. Whose leaders slay with bloody hands And recognize no law but force; Yet while we pity we must fight For laws intended to restrain The greedy ones who deem it right To rob and crush us for their gain. S. E. Kiser.



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When you travel with a good bag it is not only personal satisfaction you have but everyone else looks and admires the bag.

The reason you should carry a Julian Sale Bag is that they look better the longer you use them.

The Lady's Bag illustrated is made from the finest natural grain leather, easy working frame, double handles, seams at ends only, full leather lined, all colors, 16 inch size:

\$8.50

Catalogue S is mailed free. Express paid in Ontario.

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The Chartreux Fathers' Liqueur.
Manufactured at Tarragona (Spain).

After Your Meal
take a glass of this delicious liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.

Beware of Substitutes.

See that you get the bottle of which we give facsimile here.

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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

XI.



MR. FREDERICK WILFRID LAW.

H.M.S. *Black Prince* with the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, under Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Social and Personal

Mrs. Albert Ham has gone to England to visit relatives, and will have the pleasure of seeing her brother, Captain J. Knighton Chase of the Imperial pilot service on the Hughi, who is home in England on leave.

Miss Madge Malloch of Ottawa was a welcome guest at the Body Guard tea on Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Sanford Smith.

Two interesting dinners were given in Montreal on Monday night, one of mammoth proportions to Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine, in the Drill Hall, and the other by the Canada Club to bid farewell to its honorary secretary, Mr. Clarence Bogert, who comes to Toronto to reside.

Miss Estelle Holland, who has spent a month with friends in Toronto, returned to Montreal on Monday.

The Royal Military College, Kingston, will be *en fete* next Tuesday evening for the annual At Home, for which the commandant, staff and gentlemen cadets have sent out invitations this week.

Mr. Allan Magee was up from Montreal on a brief visit on Thursday.

Mrs. Selwyn did not receive yesterday as she intended, having gone out of town with Major Selwyn to Niagara.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Alice Maude Williams and Mr. James McGregor Young, which takes place on Saturday next in St. Thomas' church at half-past two, with a reception afterwards at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, 161 St. George street.

Miss Beatrice Ansley of Port Dover, who was one of the bridesmaids at the McGivern-MacArthur wedding, is to spend some time with Mrs. A. McLean MacDonnell.

Mr. and the Misses Bertha and Katherine Mackenzie of Benvenuto have gone to England.

The marriage of Miss Mary Edith MacArthur and Mr. William Lorimer S. McGivern took place in St. Andrew's church at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday, in the presence of a large and smart assembly of guests. Miss MacArthur, like her sister, Mrs. J. C. Mason, was favored with one of the fine June days for her bridal, and like the weather, the church was lovely, with a wealth of June flowers and rich green. The pastor, Rev. G. C. Brown, officiated, and the bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Alexander MacArthur. She wore a handsome bridal robe of ivory Duchesse satin, with *jupe* of pleated chiffon, the bodice covered with a coatee of lace, and the orthodox veil of tulle and crown of orange blossoms with a lovely shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley completing her costume, in which she looked all that was attractive and graceful. The bridegroom's gift, a necklace of pearls, was her only jewel. A maid of honor, Miss Louise MacArthur, sister of the bride, and four bridesmaids, Miss Helen Douglas, Miss Beatrice Ansley of Port Dover, Miss Edith Mabee and Miss Madge Davidson, were her attendants, who looked very pretty and dainty in pale blue satin gowns under silvered net, and short tulle veils held in place by wreaths of lily of the valley, and carrying feathered and fragrant bouquets of lily of the valley. Mr. W. Price Lindsay was best man, and Mr. Zeb Lash, Mr. Bob Wallace, Mr. Jack Counsell and Mr. Fred McGivern, brother of the groom, were ushers. The bridesmaids wore their souvenirs of very handsome pearl and amethyst pins in four-leaved shamrock design, and the best man and ushers pins of whole pearls in the same auspicious form. The service was fully choral, and very beautifully rendered. Dr. Anderson playing perfectly as usual. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. MacArthur's residence in St. George street, where a reception was held. The gifts, which were very handsome, were duly admired, and the company adjourned to the garden where, under the trees, a marquee was set for the *dejeuner*. The pastor proposed the bride's health, and Mr. McGivern made a response and proposed the bridesmaids, which evoked a response from the best man, Mr. Lindsay. It was a most bright and joyous occasion. Among guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacArthur of Detroit, uncle and aunt of the bride, and Miss Bella McGivern of Montreal, aunt of the groom. The bride went away in a check suit of blue and white and French sailor hat with marguerites. Mr. and Mrs.

McGivern will make their home in Ottawa. They are both so popular, and so worthy, that the good wishes which were offered had a particularly hearty tone and were prompted by the sincere regard of hosts of friends.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey of Atlanta, Ga., is spending the summer at the Queen's Royal. Mr. and Mrs. S. May and their son will spend the summer at "Oakwood," their Muskoka place.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. James have taken a house on the lake shore for the summer.

During all the festivities attendant upon the royal marriage which she has been instrumental in bringing about, what stirring memories must have been called to the mind of the Empress Eugenie—memories of Spain, memories of France. She was born in the open air during the earthquake at Granada, of eighty years ago. Her uncle, a grandee of Spain, had battled for his country against the uncle of the Napoleon whom she was destined to marry. Her father, who was to succeed his brother in the title, had fought under Napoleon, and was, it is said, the man to fire the last shot against the Allies in 1814. So strange were the antecedents of the lady who was to become the queen of all hearts in Europe, and to inspire even Queen Victoria with a laughing respect for current fashions established by this fair Spaniard. The Empress's love-affairs began early, and were as stormy as her after-career. At fifteen she loved the Duke of Berwick and Alba, and thought her affection reciprocated until he proposed to her elder sister. Ten minutes later they were only just in time to save the life of the future Empress of the French. She had taken poison.

Sisowath, King of Cambodia, who is on a visit to France, was delayed in making his trip because he had to await the cineration of the body of his predecessor, Norodom. During the period that intervenes between death and burning all loyal Cambodians wear mourning and shave their heads. This rule applies even to the sacred dancers of the Court; they sacrificed their locks in memory of Norodom. The period having elapsed, Sisowath and his joyous ladies—fifty of the prettiest he could find in all Cambodia and Siam—are steaming towards *la belle France*. At the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles the little ladies will dance their strange symbolic dances under the benevolent and attentive eye of the King himself. Sisowath wears European costume, and even a top-hat, on occasion, but he prefers the glory of his native dress. The color changes according to the days of the week, thus: Violet for Tuesday, deep yellow for Wednesday, green for Thursday, white for Friday, and black for Saturday. The King is an adept on horseback, but the elephant is his favorite "mount."

Sir E. M. Satow, the retiring British Minister to China, who called at Tokio on his way home, and was received with special honor by the Mikado and all his old friends there, is an extraordinarily able man. The son of a German father and an English mother, he illustrates the law that children of mixed nationalities have better brains than those who prefer to have both their parents of the same stock. It is forty-five years since he landed in Japan as a student-interpreter. At this moment no living Englishman knows more about the game little allies of Britain than he; indeed, when he was British Minister in Tokio it was suspected that they would rather have had a man who did not know quite so much! He has the utmost contempt for books on Japan; he will tell you that there is not one that gives a correct notion of the country and the people. In art he places the Chinese above the Japanese, but he is enthusiastic in praise of Japanese acting and music.

London is greatly interested in "the Mills twins," daughters of Mrs. Ogden Mills and nieces of the American ambassador. Separately, authoritatively remarks the *World*, these two girls would not attract any particular attention, but together and invariably dressed alike, from the tips of their toes to their very Parisian hats, every one stares at them and every one asks who they are. Ever since they were born, Mrs. Ogden Mills has insisted that they shall be dressed alike to the minutest detail. Each of these girls has the same set of friends, and no one ever thinks of giving a present to one without also presenting the same to the other. Their maids are also twin sisters and exceedingly alike, and they too are dressed exactly the same. Their pets are always of the same family also. For matrimonial purposes, we assume, only twins need apply.

Merely because a respectable French lady was recently arrested at night on Regent street, where she was awaiting her husband, by the police, who mistook her character, the Government has been called to account in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, has had to explain; and a royal commission has been appointed to make inquiry into the way the Metropolitan Police of London deal with certain cases.

It is not generally known that the drawing of the bubbling spring which decorates the label of every bottle of *Apollinaris* is by George Du Maurier, who was famous as an artist and "Punch" cartoonist before he came into prominence as the writer of *Trilby* and the less-read but probably more artistic novel *Peter Ibbetson*. In England many drawings by excellent artists are used for advertising purposes, while in Canada and the United States an "artist," if he does "commercial work," does it apologetically. Many first-rate artists, however, have started work in the commercial class and kept at it until their fame was established. It may encourage the pot-boilers to know that there are many people who are of the opinion that the art displayed in the advertising pages of the magazines is quite as good as the illustrations by Mr. Christie, Mr. Hutt and the rest.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, who died in Washington recently, was one of the cleverest and most successful of United States politicians, being long conspicuous in the councils of the Democratic party. When he was thirteen he was appointed page of the Senate Chamber, and from that day to the present he was never out of the public eye, and since he became of age he was never without a large and influential following in the politics of his native State. Mr. Gorman was born in Howard county, Maryland, March 11, 1839, which probably accounted for his fine, well-bred, reposeful face, suggesting the English statesmen of ancient lineage rather than the alert, grasping type of American politician. He came of Irish Presbyterian stock. He was educated in the public schools and received his appointment through Stephen J. Douglas of Illinois. In 1872 Mr. Gorman became president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company, which connection laid the foundation of his wealth.

LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni
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The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
ALL BEST DEALERS SELL IT

Nothing Approaches in Purity and Fine Quality

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

**COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE, CROQUETTES,
WAFERS, CAKES, MEDALLIONS, Etc.**

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that have "style" characterizing them of individual beauty are found in our stock.

Our assortment starts at \$5.00, to the very elaborate ones at \$18.50. Bake Dish reproduced here has satin-finished body--bright finished cover--removable inner dish--removable rim--size of dish is 10 1/4 inches diameter--bead border--price is \$5.00 WE INVITE YOU TO VISIT THIS STORE.

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KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

ALSO— Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets,
Cor. Avenue Road and Macpherson Avenue.

Huyler's Candies

Lustrite

The Talk of the Day.

A Danish paper compares "I love you" in many languages. Here are some of them—the Danish paper is our only authority for their correctness: The Chinaman says, "Uo ngai ni"; the Armenian, "Ge sitem ez hez"; the Arabian, very shortly, "Nehabeek"; the Egyptian, similar, "N'achek"; the Turk, "Sisi sevejorum"; and the Hindoo, "Main tym ko pijar karyn." But overwhelming is the declaration of love of an Esquimaux, who tries to win the chosen one by the pleasing sound of the dainty little word:

"Univifigsaerntdluinalefirungajungar-sigujak."

The Old Trouble.

A curious thing noticed at once by visitors to Moscow is the absence of whips among the cab-drivers. There is a law prohibiting their use. There is not a single whip in use in Moscow. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this humane law. Moderation varies the world over. The whip is not in disuse in Moscow. They use it there on men and women.—New York " Tribune."

PRINCESS CREAM

—SOFTENS
—WHITENS
—CLEANSES
—PURIFIES

the complexion. A most delightful preparation. Removes tan and sunburn, keeps the pores clear, thus preventing blackheads, etc. heals chafing, gives satiny bloom to the skin, and cleanses better than water. Price 75c.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, etc., removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Consultation free at office or by letter regarding any mark or blemish on, in or under your skin or scalp.

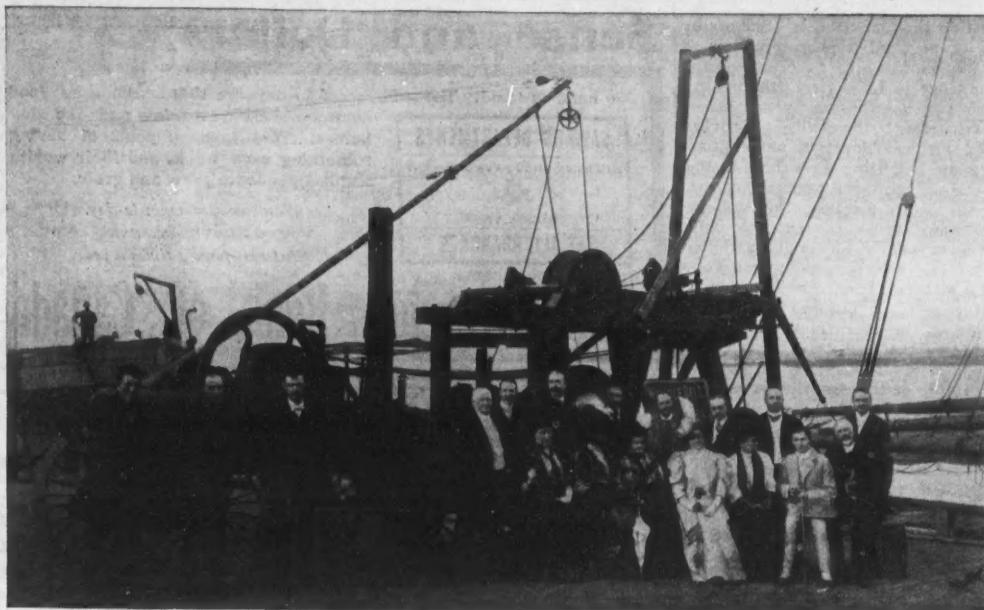
Ever have a Face Treatment, the kind we give? Our book describes everything. Send, call or phone N. 1666 for it.

**Graham Dermatological Institute,
502 Church St., Toronto.**

June 23, 1906.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7



AN INTERESTING "BRIDGE PARTY"—THE COMMENCEMENT OF WORK ON THE GREAT BRIDGE TO SPAN THE ST. LAWRENCE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LONGUEUIL.

The most interesting "bridge party" of the century took place on Tuesday afternoon in Montreal, when a company including some of the directors, the engineer, and others interested in the construction of the immense new bridge across the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Longueuil assembled to see the drill put in shape for the first bit of work to be done in this mammoth undertaking, which, when completed, as it is hoped to be in some four years' time, will do for Longueuil what Brooklyn Bridge has done for Brooklyn. The English capitalists who are interested have the satisfaction of knowing that the greatest firm of bridge builders in the world have the matter in hand, and Mr. Williamson, the engineer, is among the experts who need no praise. I have been permitted to reproduce photo of the "bridge party" of last Tuesday, and friends will recognize Hon. Senator and Mrs. Edwards of Ottawa, who are both enthusiastic over the undertaking. Viscount Templetown, who came over with Mr. W. Grant Morden in connection with this undertaking, and his Vicountess were of the party. Lady Templetown sits next Senator Edwards, while his Lordship stands tall and handsome just behind her. After the inspection of the drill, Lord and Lady Templetown entertained the party at dinner at the Place Viger Hotel, and Lord Templeton spoke eloquently of the project which that day had made its first step to a triumphant completion, mentioning the very earnest and able work done by Mr. W. Grant Morden in interesting English capitalists, and congratulating the young man on his success. Mr. Morden is seated next but one to the end, on the right of the group photographed, and is a most progressive and dauntless man in his own chosen work. The proportions of the bridge are to be noble, and the capital involved something like fifteen millions.

Social and Personal

Mr. J. Carlyle Moore, Varsity '01, and member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Chi fraternities, was honored at the recent convocation of the University of Chicago with the degree of J.D. (Doctor of Law), which corresponds in the University Graduate School of Law with Ph.D. in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, in the amount and character of the work demanded. Mr. Moore is a son of Mr. John T. Moore, M.P.P., of Red Deer, Alberta, and formerly of Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Bridgland, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Bridgland, to Mr. Walter Willy of Toronto, was solemnized in St. Thomas' church at high noon Tuesday, the Rev. Rural Dean Burt officiating. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. H. B. Bridgland, wore a gown of chiffon over ivory taffeta, à la Princesse, with exquisite trimmings of lace. Her tulle veil was caught by a coronet of orange blossoms, over which was draped a Brussels net veil, worn by her mother and grandmother on their wedding days. She carried a shower of Bride roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Mona Bridgland and Miss Moni Willy, were gowned alike, in dresses of lavender flowered organdie, with lace trimmings, over taffeta. They wore large white picture hats, wreathed with natural lilacs, and carried bouquets of the same flower. The groom was supported by Mr. Glenholme Moss of Montreal. The ushers were Mr. Hume Brough of Toronto and Mr. Duncan McLaren of North Bay. The church was beautifully decorated with white lilacs, ferns, and palms. The organist played softly and expressively throughout the service. After the ceremony a reception was held at "West Lawn," the beautiful home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Bridgland wearing a gown of black embroidered chiffon over taffeta, and a becoming hat with white osprey. She carried a bouquet of lily of the valley. The house was decorated with lilacs, ferns, and palms, and the presents, which were numerous and handsome, were arranged in the billiard-room. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kent, Mrs. Homer Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Willy, and Miss Mona Willy, and Miss Mary Perry, all of Toronto; Mrs. Pringle of Hamilton, Miss Queen Beaton and Miss Fraser of Orillia, Mrs. John Young of Gravenhurst, Rev. and Mrs. Burt, Mr. and Mrs. William Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. Wales, the Misses Perry, Mr. B. W. Tillson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ewart Lount of Bracebridge, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Willy left on the 2:55 train for an extended trip down the St. Lawrence, the bride travelling in a very becoming suit of grey, with Persian and lace trimmings, and a dainty little hat of pale blue, with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. R. Thompson of 3 Russell street, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. William Keyes, is summering at Boston and the seaside.

The first social event, and practically the opening of the season for

the cottagers of Long Branch, occurred on Thursday, the 21st inst, at that popular resort. The event was a dance given by the members of "Kamp Kumfut," and to the privileged sixty couples who took part the dance will long be remembered. The pavilion was transformed into Oriental splendor by numberless Chinese lanterns, bunting, and flags, and with the natural setting of magnificent trees, made a scene hard to equal. The floor was in perfect condition, and the music good. The programme consisted of sixteen numbers, and was splendidly carried out, allowing visitors from town to arrive home before one a.m. The members of "Kamp Kumfut" were complimented on all sides on their splendid arrangements.

A pretty but very quiet wedding took place in Old St. Andrew's church Wednesday morning, Rev. Dr. Milligan officiating, when Miss Lillian May Walker became the wife of Mr. Robert Dunn Moorehead, barrister, of Toronto. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. D. A. Ghent, and wore a Princess gown of ivory silk crépe, with Irish point lace inserted, with yoke and sleeves of lace. Her tulle veil was arranged over a coronal of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses and lily of the valley. She wore the groom's gift, an amethyst brooch set with pearls. The bridesmaid was Miss Muriel Wilkinson of Owen Sound, cousin of the bride, who looked very sweet and pretty, dressed in a simple frock of cream silk grenadine, with poke bonnet trimmed with wreath of roses, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The little flower girl, Evangeline Ellis, also a cousin of the bride, was prettily dressed in white dotted Swiss muslin, with a wreath of marguerites in her hair, and carried a basket of marguerites. The groomsmen was the groom's brother, Dr. Andrew Moorehead. The groom's gifts to the

engagement is announced of Miss Lilian Vera Pearson, daughter of Mr. James Pearson, and Mr. Frederick B. Neeve of the Dominion Bank. The marriage will take place next month.

The marriage of Miss Morett Allan, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allan of Lindsay, and Mr. Morley Bates of New York, was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on Tuesday, June 12, at three o'clock, Rev. Rural Dean Marsh officiating. The service was fully choral, and the church was a profusion of palms and snowballs, artistically arranged by the bride's many girl friends. The bride was given away by Mr. James Grace of Toronto, in the absence of her father in Japan, and wore an exquisite gown of Royal Japan corded silk, made in Princess style, the upper part arranged in bolero effect, embroidered in a dainty design of white violets and opening over a peep of baby Irish lace. She wore the regulation tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Her ornaments were a large pearl-studded heart and a crown of pearls and tur-

quoise, gifts of the groom. Miss May Allan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a billowy gown of palest green chiffon, much tucked and befrilled with quantities of dainty lace; her hat was of white tulle and ostrich feathers; she carried a shower of Bridesmaid roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Winnifred Kirkland, Toronto, and Miss Roby Hughes, Lindsay, wore gowns of pale pink Liberty satin, the yoke and sleeves being a mass of white lace; their hats were of black tulle and feathers; they also carried Bridesmaid roses. Mr. Alex Bates, New York, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Robert Allan, Arthur Simpson, Fred Hopkins, and Charlie Squier. A reception was held after the ceremony at the house, which was a bower of flowers, the doors and windows garlanded and festooned with blues and snowballs. The bay window at the end of the long drawing-room was banked with palms and ferns, and from the ceiling was suspended a huge bell of white roses, under which the bride and groom received. All afternoon the soft strains of an orchestra concealed by palms could be heard. Mrs. Allan, the bride's mother, received at the entrance of the drawing-room, wearing a lovely creation of pale grey Liberty chiffon over old rose, trimmed with pointe de Venise, and a touch of old rose; her hat was to match, and she carried an armful of American Beauties. Mrs. Bates, mother of the groom, was all in white, her gown of filmy lace, inset with medallions of Irish crochet and trimmed with quillings of Brussels net; her hat was of tulle and white peacock's feathers. Mrs. Kirkland, Toronto, grandmother of the bride, wore black crepe de Chine, hat to match, and wore a stole of black and white ostrich feathers. Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Kirkland received with Mrs. Allan. The déjeuner was served in the spacious dining-room, and after innumerable toasts and songs, the bride rushed off to don her travelling gown of brown Rajah silk, the short coat opening over a dainty lingerie waist; her hat was an artistically twisted affair of brown mohair, tipped on one side by a mass of raspberry red ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton and Mrs. W. S. Gentle, Montreal, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Haynes, 89 Bernard avenue.

The marriage took place in Atlantic City on Saturday evening last of Miss Gertrude A. Bell, daughter of Mrs. S. S. Shedd of Washington, D.C., to Dr. Duncan Anderson of Toronto. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, only immediate relatives were present. Upon their return to Toronto they will reside at 241 Wellesley street.

The Rev. F. G. Plummer, rector of St. Augustine's, sailed for England on Tuesday by the steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm II," and has rented his house for the summer, and the parish will be in charge of the Rev. Harold McCausland, No. 12 Grosvenor street. Mr. Plummer's London address will be care of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, 60 Lombard street, E. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Elizabeth Alice Maude, daughter of the late Mr. F. T. Walton and of Mrs. Walton, Thorold, to Dr. Frederick William Marlow, F.R.C.S., Toronto. The marriage will take place privately Tuesday, July 10. After the ceremony a reception will be held.

Miss Louise Meyers of Morrisburg is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Wellesley street.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Finch, widow of the late Stanbury Finch, and Mr. Arthur Blakeley, or-

Ladies' Bathing Suits



WHEN you are furnishing your holiday wardrobe don't forget to add a Bathing Dress. We are showing such a range of very pretty, sensible styles in these garments!

On sale in Ladies' Furnishing Department, First Floor, West Side.

Bathing Dresses for ladies, fine navy mohair lustre, V-neck blouse, bloomers and separate skirt, sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Special \$2.00, braid trimmed

Ladies' Bathing Dresses, fine navy lustre, low, square neck, square yoke of white lustre, a pretty, new style, sizes 32 to 42 bust. \$2.50

Bathing Dresses, same style as above, in Misses' sizes, 12, 14, 16 years, white braid trimmed. Special \$2.25

Ladies' Bathing Dresses, fine navy lustre, large white shawl collar, elastic in knees, sizes for 6, 8, 10 years. Special \$1.25

Send Phone Orders for Bathing Dresses to Ladies' White-wear Department.

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BRETTON WOODS
In Heart of the White Mountains

**THE MOUNT WASHINGTON
AND
THE MOUNT PLEASANT**

All the delightful resorts in the mountains are reached by half-day trips from Bretton Woods. Through cars to hotel grounds from Boston, Portsmouth, Portland, New York, Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec.

Annual Tournament of the Bretton Woods Golf Club the 1st week in August.

Anderson & Price, Managers

BRETTON WOODS, N.H.
Send for Maps of Automobile Routes.

On their return they will reside at 7 Withrow avenue. The many and beautiful presents received showed the high esteem in which the young couple are held.

A Confusion of Persons.
She—Won't you take me for a ride in your automobile?

He—I'm sorry, but it's broke.

"Oh, are you?"—Translated from "Le Rire."

Otherwise Engaged.

"Do you know, sir, that I saw you kiss my daughter just now?"

"Really, now, I didn't know it; I was too much interested to notice anyone else."—Translated from "Le Rire."

Self Protection.

"Yes, my dear, while we were alone he had the impudence to kiss me."

"I suppose you told him what you thought of him."

"Indeed I did, every time he did it."

—Translated from "Le Rire."

Overheard in a Pullman.

"Oh, George, wouldn't it be lovely to make people think we are already married?"

"All right; when we get out you carry the bag and umbrellas."—Translated from "Le Rire."

"Do you believe a man can love more than one?"

"I know it. Why, between Friday night and Monday morning I have loved a whole summer resort."—Life."



Ethel—So Gladys is to marry Lord Deadroke. Are they affinities?
Edith—Oh, yes; her assets and his liabilities are the same figure!—Judge.

Athletics

T is surprising how little is known of the origin of many of our best-known games of skill. We are able, with some degree of certainty to trace their development from crude outlines to highly specialized forms, but in very few cases do we know the exact date or manner of their genesis. This is true even of sports which are of modern origin. The origin of the game of baseball, which is not more than fifty years old, is as prolific of controversy as the recently discovered remains (so-called) of Paul Jones. The origin of the Canadian national game, lacrosse, is a mystery like the song the Sirens sang. We know vaguely that it was taught us by the Indians, but we do not know when it was invented or how it acquired its distinctive features. We can speculate that the shape of a lacrosse stick is just the shape, in a crude way, that a supple willow or hazel wand would assume when the ends were joined, but we cannot tell what prompted the joining, or whether the lacrosse-stick was invented for the purposes of a game or is merely the survival of a primitive form of sling.

There is even more mystery about games which are of more ancient origin. We are told that the idle fancy of a mediaeval Scotch shepherd in striking smooth, round pebbles with his crook gave rise to the game of golf. This is so plausible an explanation that it has become an article of faith with many golfers, but it has no trustworthy historical backing. As it stands it is nothing more than a pleasing fiction. Could it not have been some peaceful Italian prelate of the time of the great Pope Gregory, to whom the idea of golf came like an inspiration as he struck his crozier on the gravel walk of some monastery close, and who, sent later as a missionary to Albion, introduced the game among the heather braes? Yet if the credit of invention must be given to shepherds and the pastoral crook, why to Scotch shepherds? Why not to some Hebrew shepherd by the banks of Jordan, or to one of those wonderful Sicilian shepherds of Theocritus, or, better still, to those Aryan shepherds who roamed the table-land of Asia before the dawn of history? Were the game of exclusively Scotch origin, why is there no mention of those dread fiends, "bogies" and "stymie," in the incantations of the weird sisters three who met with Macbeth? The fact is that we do not know the origin of golf, and are content to accept fairy tales in lieu of truth.

As to the game of football, we have not even a fairy tale for a starting point. It is true that ancient chroniclers tell us that it incurred the displeasure of warlike Edward III., and was prohibited by statute, but they leave us in the dark as to its origin and how it degenerated into a miniature street riot. It may have been a survival of the once highly popular and respectable sport of Jew-baiting. The lusty yeomanry of England, when denied their innocent pastime of hunting unfortunate Hebrews through all the streets and alleys of their squalid towns (for the simple reason that there were no Jews left to chase), may have substituted a football for their human quarry. Some harshly-treated villeins may have been in the habit of kicking their seigneur in effigy (of course in his absence) around the seigniorial castle, and on his return invented a story about a game of ball with a stuffed leather jerkin. These conjectures may or may not explain the game of football, but highly improbable as they are, there is no more certain hypothesis to take their place.

The fact is that the Muse of History, though recording dynastic changes and the evolution of constitutions and theologies, deigns not to trace the evolution of sports. It can tell us what William the Conqueror

said at the battle of Hastings, but cannot give us the name of the champion football team of the day. It can tell us how far Robin Hood could draw his bow, but not how far the lusty apprentice lads could kick the football. All our information about sports is gleaned from a few scattered literary references which tantalize us with their brevity. We know that good Queen Bess and her lords and ladies played at bowls, but we do not know what kind of balls they used or what were the rules of the game. Tennis and billiards, we know, were early played at the French Court, but their origin is lost in deepest shadow, although History might well have spared us lengthy memoirs of Court intrigues in order to give details of these sports. It is only in the "Arabian Nights" that monarchs give undying fame to those of their subjects who invent new pastimes and amusements. The geniuses to whom we owe football, due. Even the winning of a tourna-

the outside clubs surely calls for a forty runs, and this inter-collegiate triumph should give to cricket more prominence in University athletics.

This trip has fully awakened Canadian cricketers to the quality of cricket played in the American universities. The game is getting a foothold in the schools and colleges across the line, and the more success the college teams gain the more favorable will be the attitude of university authorities and the athletic public that worships a victor. It is to be hoped that the University of Toronto will find it possible in the near future to return the visit of the Pennsylvania cricketers, but it would be wise to follow the example of the Americans, and to send a team only when there is some warrant for the expedition.

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THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

PEAKING of Mr. James Robb, who won the amateur golf championship at Hoylake this year, "Golf Illustrated" says:

"When a golfer has twice been in the final, and has twice been beaten, he has some reason to doubt whether he is a lucky player, and whether with increasing entries and general levelling up of play he will even then be champion. But Mr. Robb has discovered the virtue of the old adage that the third time pays for all. At the same time, he gave the lie for once, at all events, to the general understanding that he was not big-hearted enough to win a championship, and that he could not play a losing game against a great adversary. There was only once in the tournament when nerves seriously afflicted him, and that was not because of the fear of being beaten. On the other hand, he played a magnificent game when he had the biggest job on hand, and when it looked as if when a very few more holes had been played he would be among the defeated. This was in his match against Mr. John Graham, when he was seen at his best, and when he pulled himself through a severe crisis in the most courageous fashion. For that victory alone, and the way in which it was achieved, Mr. Robb deserved to become the champion of the year."

Mr. John Graham, Jr., seems doomed to perpetual disappointment in his endeavors to win the championship. This year, if any, his chances of at length graduating for the honor were looked upon as most favorable; the fact that he was playing over his own course being reckoned a considerable factor in his favor. Analyzing the game Mr. Graham has played in the championships within the past few years, one can hardly help feeling that the fates are unkind to him. He seems always to have the unfortunate knack of running up against someone playing momentarily at the very top of their game, and down he has gone. Two years ago at Sandwich, the finest game Mr. Maxwell played was against Mr. Graham, the latter having little chance against the brilliance of the Tantallon crack, who in all his other matches quite failed to touch such a high standard. Then, again, at Prestwick last year, his luck took another turn. Here he was beaten by Mr. Barry, after a desperately keen match in the semi-final by a single hole. Going to the fifteenth with the match all square, Mr. Graham's drive—a perfectly straight one—kicked into the

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as it disinfects and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums — also good for those having false teeth. For sale by all druggists.

D. Watson & Co., Agents,
444 St. Paul St., Montreal.



MR. G. S. LYON MISS MABEL THOMSON, ST. JOHN MISS FLORENCE HARVEY
Amateur Champion of Canada. Lady Champion of Canada. Ex-champion of Canada and winner of the tournament.

golf, cricket, and tennis have descended to oblivion, unheralded and unsung. It is useless to seek for their biographies or the date of their inventions.

It is easier to account for games of skill in general than for particular sports. One amazing point of similarity in most of them is that they are played with bat and ball. There is something uncanny in this. Golf and tennis employ practically the same implements; dare one admit that in origin they are identical? Yes, if we retrace our footsteps along the highway of history until it becomes a mere footpath in the primeval forest. All games are mimic warfare, and the earliest warfare we know of was that waged by primeval man with wooden club against the cranium of his neighbor. The branch roughly hewn from the forest, and the human skull, these are the prototypes of tennis rackets and tennis balls. In

the dull thud of their first contact were struck the first notes of what was afterwards to be the soaring melody of the golf ball and the sonorous rhythm of the cricket bat.

That was the sound of which the scream of the baseball and the pit-pat of the tennis ball are nothing but subdued echoes, softened and mellowed by aeons of time. The loud roar that fills our grand stands recalls the savage shouts of prehistoric conflicts.

In short, our athletic sports, like all civilized institutions, are evolutions from barbarism, and athletics will be in honor as long as our blood is tainted with the natural man's admiration of physical strength and dexterity.

Discussing the golf team to represent Ontario in the inter-Provincial match at Ottawa, the Simcoe "Reformer" says: "Some Toronto people yesterday published in a Toronto paper a list of golfers from whom the Ontario team is to be chosen for the inter-Provincial match with Quebec. One of them, Mr. L. Lee, had the honor of scoring the first century (125 not out) in Toronto this season. It is quite a feather in the cap of the University of Toronto cricket team that they succeeded in

defeating the Quaker City students by forty runs, and this inter-collegiate triumph should give to cricket more prominence in University athletics.

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COOKS OF A KIND BY HANNAH BURTON

An authentic story of the adventures of a lady of California in search of a cook.

T was a new experience for me when I went to Chinatown in search of a cook. The interior of the shop was dark and smelly, and my heart sank at the improbability of finding what I sought—a clean, capable cook—in such a dismal, dirty place.

When I made known my errand to the Chinese merchant, said, with a most impulsive face:

"How much money you pay?"

I replied: "For a good boy I will pay six dollars one week."

"All right," he answered; "I got one good boy; I send him to you tomorrow morning."

He kept his word, and I must admit that in all my later experience I never met with a Chinaman who did not keep his word. I was greatly disappointed, however, with the appearance of the "boy," as he was little and lame, and apparently sixty at least. When I asked him if he could cook he said:

"I cook all right."

"Can you make good bread?" I queried.

"I make bread; I make everything," he answered.

So, after giving him a few directions, I left him, hoping that in this case, appearances might prove deceitful, and that he might be fairly competent after all.

I found that, though he was a good cook, he was also very careless and untidy, and had a disagreeable habit of slamming and banging things about, as if he were in a rage with somebody or something. On the last day but one of his first week he said to me:

"I go work another place; I get more money."

"But, Song," I said, "you cannot leave me until I get another cook."

"Oh! I get you another boy, sure," he said; "you treat me all right; I treat you all right. I bring you a boy to-morrow."

The next morning he appeared, accompanied by a tall, broad-shouldered, strapping fellow, who certainly looked able to take the whole burden of the house on his shoulders. Song introduced him saying: "He Jim; he good cook; he cook for you."

Jim looked smarter and more amiable than poor Song, who I afterwards learned had the opium habit, and I felt that I had made a good exchange. I told Jim that I wished him to take care of the front hall and the front porch and sweep them every morning.

"I can't take a broom and sweep," he said, with such an air of simple helplessness as seemed absurd upon six feet of humanity and broad in proportion. However, I waited at point, as having guests it was not

THEY LAUGHED

At the Arguments on the Packages.

The husband of an Ohio woman brought home some packages of Grape-Nuts one evening and there was much discussion, but let her tell the story.

"Two years ago I was thin and sickly and suffered so from indigestion, was very nervous, and could not sleep at night. I was not able physically or mentally to perform my duties and was constantly under the care of our physician. I had tried plain living and all the different remedies recommended by friends, but got no better."

"One day my husband brought home two yellow boxes and said, 'The grocer wants us to try this food and report how we like it, he thinks it will help you.' I read all it said on the boxes about Grape-Nuts, and I remember how I laughed at it, for I thought it foolish to think food could help me. But the next meal we all ate some with cream. We liked and enjoyed the deliciously crisp and new flavor, so we kept on using Grape-Nuts, not because we thought it would cure me, but because we liked it."

"At that time we had no idea what the results would be, but now I am anxious to have the world know that to-day I am a well and strong woman physically and mentally. I gained over thirty pounds, do not suffer from any of the old ails, and I know that it is to Grape-Nuts alone that I owe my restored health. They call me 'Grape-Nuts' here in the home and all of my friends have asked me the cause of it all. I have persuaded several of them to use Grape-Nuts, and every one of them who has done so has been benefited, and I wish it were in my power to induce everyone who is sick to give this wonderful food a trial. We still have Grape-Nuts three times a day and never tire of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days on this nourishing and completely digestible food will show anyone who is run down from improper feeding a great change, sometimes worth more than a gold mine because it may mean the joy and spring of perfect health in place of the old ails. Trial proves. "There's a reason."

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville,"

he was spoiled by his ungovernable temper. Of course I did not blame Mr. Jein at all, as he simply sent me the only one he knew of at the time. He now told me that his young brother was about to leave his present place, and he would try to send him to me. I knew that if I could secure him I should be extremely fortunate, as I had heard him highly spoken of.

In a few days Sue came to me. And now began a period of peace and solid comfort in my household.

Sue was young, having barely reached her twenties. In figure she was slight, but lithe and agile. She had a refined and intelligent face, and was scrupulously neat and clean in his appearance. His white jacket, white apron, and white socks were always snowy in hue. He was, in fact, a true gentleman. In his kitchen and in all his work he showed the same extreme neatness.

Sue was a "Mission boy." He attended a night school, and studied spelling and practised writing assiduously in his spare moments. One day he said to me:

"One young lady at the Mission Sunday school sing very beautiful; she sing very tall."

At another time he said:

"English language very funny language. You say, story—upstair, story—Bible story, and story—a lie. Very funny."

Sue was an enthusiastic cook. To him every cake, every pie, was a work of art, to be made as beautiful as possible. If a thing happened accidentally to be ever so little short of perfection he would be quite distressed.

"Oh, Mees Burton," he would say; "I misspelled this pie; the top story is too muchee brown; I am heap sorry."

He seemed disappointed, and said: "He cook all right; you take him; I not like leave you all alone." But I replied: "No matter; I get my own cook."

It is rather disconcerting to have a revolution in one's kitchen every Tuesday, so I determined to seek another source of supply. I went, therefore, to a handsome curio-shop in one of the best streets, which I knew was kept by a "Mission" Chinaman. When I made known my errand, the proprietor, who was a Chinese gentleman, said:

"Good boys are very scarce just now. I know of only one; he is my long-time friend, but he is a little not very young—and he lives in Chinatown."

I surmised that if he lived in Chinatown he was not a "Mission Chinaman," which proved to be the case.

On the following morning came Ty, and entered upon his duties. Poor Ty was certainly a little—not very young. He was also enormously fat; he shuffled about in a slow and painful manner, as if suffering from tender feet. But his cooking was perfection. Such deliciously prepared meats and vegetables; such a variety of soups, perfectly seasoned!

We congratulated ourselves that we were at last in clover. Soon, however,

Petra, my housemaid, came to me with complaints of Ty's violent temper. She said he used very bad language to her; she was afraid of him; he might kill her when he was in one of his tantrums. I spoke to Ty about it; he laughed and said:

"Oh, I get mad (angry); I say a bad say, then I not get mad more. That is lots better. Some boy get mad, say word; mad all the time."

I advised him to say his bad say to himself, and not to trouble Petra, who was a good, faithful Spanish girl.

Shortly afterwards I happened to go into the kitchen one evening as Ty was preparing dinner. He was broiling chickens, and I noticed that the fire was very low, and not at all suitable for broiling, so I said:

"Ty, you cannot broil on such a fire!"

To my utter astonishment he shuffled towards me, with his huge bulk, his face distorted by rage, and threatening me with his uplifted fist, shouting:

"You get out of here!"

I confess I felt a little inward tremor, he looked so perfectly wicked; but I managed to appear outwardly calm, and finishing what I was about to do, I quietly withdrew.

That night the dinner was a failure. The chickens were burnt and raw. But still I said never a word until the next morning, when I summoned Ty into the dining-room. He came quietly enough, evidently being "not mad no more." I said to him:

"Ty, I shall not need you after eleven o'clock this morning. You can go!"

A Chinaman makes a point of leaving at the exact hour of his entering upon a place. He was evidently somewhat taken aback, but only said: "All right!" and left at the hour mentioned.

I am afraid Ty hated me ever after. I found later that Chinese cooks discuss the characters of all the mistresses in town, doubtless a very natural thing to do, and a boy I employed later told me:

"Ty say this place no good. I tell him, perhaps not good for you, good for me; perhaps good for me, not good for you."

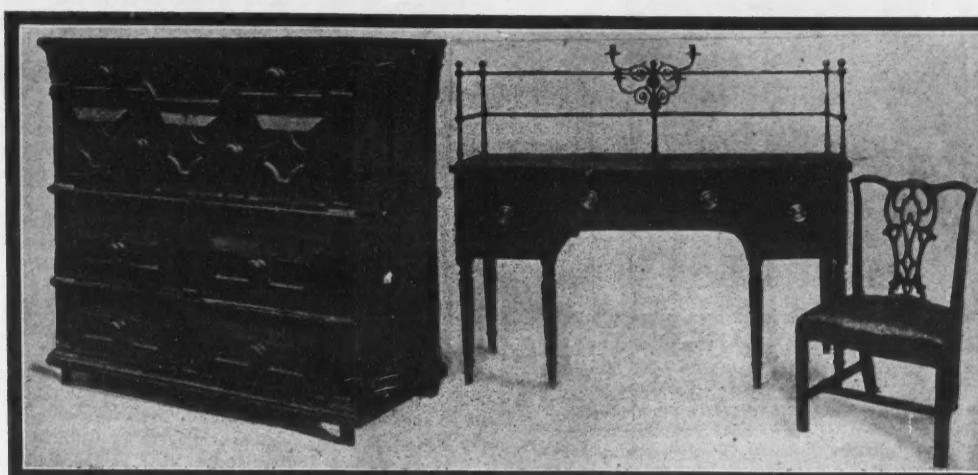
I thought that was rather a wise conclusion to arrive at.

Once more I went to Mr. Jein. I told him that while Ty was certainly all that could be desired as a cook

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you will find in

O'Keefe's
Pilsener Lager

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"
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It has that mild, rich, creamy quality so highly desired in all light beers. Brewed with filtered water from pure barley malt and choicest hops. After brewing, it is properly aged, then filtered again before bottling and pasteurized.

O'Keefe's "PILSENER" is a wholesome, health-giving beverage—one of the best tonics—and beneficial to all who drink it. Insist on "The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered).

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of **Saturday Night** leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the **Saturday Night Office**, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Points About People.

Old-time Liberals still like to recall the way in which Sir John Macdonald once quoted Scripture to Hon.

Alexander Mackenzie to his own discomfiture. Mr. Mackenzie had brought up an inconvenient subject, and Sir John sought to close off the discussion. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" he asked, forgetting that he was using the words of Ahab the wicked king. But Alexander Mackenzie was well up in his Bible and promptly replied in the words of Elijah: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have followed Baalim."

Mr. John E. Hodgson, who has resigned his position as High School Inspector, enjoyed a considerable popularity with the teaching profession throughout Ontario, and his retirement will be generally regretted. The appointment of Mr. H. B. Spott of Toronto to succeed Mr. Hodgson will probably be considered an excellent one by every teacher not himself an aspirant for the post, and his appointment was so quickly made that few aspirants had time to declare themselves. Mr. Spott has been principal of the Harbord Street Collegiate Institute in Toronto for several years, and his prominence in the Ontario Educational Association is proof of his standing in his profession.

In his *Osgoode Hall Reminiscences*, Mr. J. C. Hamilton tells many interesting stories of Hugh Nelson Gwynne, for many years secretary of the Law Society, and one of its examiners. On one occasion Mr. Gwynne visited D—ville and, walking up with an inhabitant from the boat, told the following incident: "This is D—ville, Mr. Brown lives here. He came up to see me once at Osgoode Hall on the subject of a little Horace and Euclid, you know (examination). Nice man, Mr. Brown, very nice man. Mr. Brown gave an oyster supper the night before. Nice man, Mr. Brown. Oyster supper and champagne. Asked me to the supper. Nice man, Mr. Brown. Went to the supper; oysters were good and champagne was good. I ate the oysters and drank his champagne. Very nice man, Mr. Brown."

We have heard a great deal about "tied houses" in this city—hotels controlled by brewers or distillers. Now we are hearing even more interesting stories of "closed houses" all over Ontario. Editor Livingstone of the *Grimsby Independent* tells one. There was lately a lot of cross-firing in the newspapers and among politicians in Welland county over the granting of a license to a man named Upper at Allanburg. Mr. Fraser, member of the Legislature for Welland, stated that Upper lost his license twenty-three years ago because of his political faith, although he had and still has, the fifth largest hotel in his county. Without a license he continued to keep his house open all these years in the hope that eventually he would get it back again. Lately his patience was rewarded. In Beamsville, part of Editor Livingstone's stamping ground, they have local option, and he says: "As I was passing a 'locked-up hotel' in Beamsville re-

cently, I said to a man, 'In the name of goodness, what will be the outcome of those 'locked-up' hotels?' 'Oh, he replied, 'they will wait three years. The by-law will be repealed, and they will get their licenses again.' I laughed at the idea of hotelkeepers waiting for three years to get a license, but after reading of Mr. Upper of Allanburg waiting for twenty-three years I didn't laugh any more."

A postmaster-general or some one in his office in Ottawa once wrote to the postmaster of some little station on the Kettle river: "You will please inform this department how far the Kettle river runs up;" to which the postmaster answered: "I have the honor to inform the department that the Kettle river don't run up at all; it runs down." In due course of mail came another communication: "On receipt of this letter your appointment as postmaster will cease. Mr. —— has been appointed your successor." To which went the following reply: "The receipts of this office during the last year have been \$437, and the office rent more than double that sum; please to kindly instruct my successor to pay me the balance, and oblige."

* * *

Most of the men who are "doing things" in our great West went there as brisk young fellows from Ontario. It is a point worth noting, too, that a large proportion of them were enthusiastic sportsmen as boys. Hon. Charles W. Cross, Attorney-General of Alberta, is a good example. It seems but yesterday, and in point of fact it is only a few years, since "Charlie" Cross was one of the best and most popular lacrosse players in Ontario. He learned to play at Madoc, and in that neighborhood he was the hero of the small boy and the "big Injun" in the game. While attending the University of Toronto, he played on the Varsity team, and as its captain became widely known throughout the Province and also in the States, where the college twelve toured yearly.

* * *

An interesting Canadian woman is Mrs. F. H. Paget, who is now on her way from Ottawa on a mission to the Cree Indians in the Far North. She will gather data regarding the folk-lore and traditions of this nation or tribe, and her memoranda will be preserved in the archives of the Indian department. This mission is undertaken largely at the instigation of Earl Grey, who is greatly interested in the Crees. The *Regina West*, speaking of Mrs. Paget, says: Mrs. Paget is eminently qualified to undertake this important work, as she speaks Cree fluently and lived for years among the natives. Mrs. Paget is a daughter of W. J. McLean, who was Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Pitt during the Frog Lake massacre in the 1885 rebellion. He and his family were taken prisoners by Big Bear's Indians, and it was only through the awe in which the rebels stood of the company that the McLeans did not share the same fate as the other victims. Mr. McLean is now a retired Hudson's Bay servant at Winnipeg. The town of McLean east of Regina was named after him when he was chief factor at Fort Qu'Appelle. Miss McLean (now Mrs. Paget) was employed in the Indian department at Winnipeg before her marriage to F. H. Paget, chief clerk of the department at Regina, where they lived for some time.

* * *

A congress has been sitting in Paris during the week to consider the question of quacks. The French capital abounds in them. Some of the unlicensed researchers, such as Pasteur and Metchnikoff (neither of whom is to be numbered amongst the doctors), have done marvellous work for science, says the *London Sketch*, whilst others are the merest charlatans. The competition is so terrible for the recognized healers that the most qualified is very likely to starve whilst the herbalist and the curer by suggestion make a large fortune. One doctor in the quarter of Grenelle was so struck with this disagreeable fact that he put his diploma in his pocket and resolved to practise as a "natural healer." A complaint was made against him by the medical profession, and he was haled before the Bench. "I am a doctor—here is my certificate," he said to the magistrate; "but, above all, do not tell anybody, otherwise my practice would be ruined."

* * *

In Rudyard Kipling's response to the toast of "Literature" at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy in London, which was published in **SATURDAY NIGHT**, and which has come in for world-wide comment, he said, it will be remembered: "If a tinker in Bedford gaol, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English Admiralty official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time?" Who are the literary workers thus referred to? The *New York Evening Post* says: "The best guesses are that the 'muzzy Scotsman' is either Boswell or Burns; the 'despised German Jew,' Heine; the 'condemned French thief,' Villon, and the 'English Admiralty official,' Pepys."

* * *

Jack London, the American novelist, famous for his studies of the primeval in man and beast, is having a yacht built for him at Oakland, California, and is to go for a seven years' cruise round the world, gathering material for new stories. He was married recently, after having been divorced from his first wife, and Mrs. London will accompany him, together with a Boston student, who will act as secretary and one of the crew, and a Japanese cook. Mr. London is humorist as well as realist; on his home in San Francisco was a sign reading: "No admission except on business. No business transacted here"; and on the back door was the notice: "Please do not enter without knocking. Please do not knock."

* * *

The population of Canada is equal to about seven per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States. If this country received as many immigrants in proportion to its population as Canada, it would have to dispose of about 1,750,000 this year, which is far beyond the possibilities. But population is not the best gauge of the need of immigration. Area often counts more, and Canada has plenty of room. The rapid growth of the Dominion is natural, sound, and likely to continue for many years.—*Cleveland Leader*.

* * *

It is as little known as it should be interesting to learn that the Pope does not speak Italian proper, even though Italian born. The Pope's sisters, too, who are conversant with Venetian only, have frequent difficulties in making themselves understood in Rome. A story goes that recently a number of French bishops had audience with the Pope but could not understand what he was saying to them. Some suggested that he was speaking in Latin, others in bad French, but not one of them even guessed it was Italian with a strong Venetian accent.

DUELS FOUGHT IN TORONTO

Fatal Duels In The Early Days .

ANY people will be surprised to learn that duelling was not unusual in Upper Canada during the early part of the last century. The custom of the duel as a satisfaction for wounded honor has fallen so completely into disuse except amongst hair-brained German students and excitable Parisian journalists and politicians that it seems scarcely possible that it existed seventy years ago amongst the settlers of Upper Canada. The formal *affaire d'honneur*, one of the last survivals of feudalism, seems the height of incongruity in a backwoods province where weather-beaten pioneers swung the axe into a virgin forest. Nevertheless, it was a not uncommon method of settling disputes among gentlemen in early Canada. At the time, it had the sanction of society throughout all Europe and the United States. Pitt, Fox, the Duke of Wellington, Canning and other notables had all faced their man. A president of the United States was a famous duellist. When a scrupulous regard for the punctilios of artificial courtesy everywhere prevailed, the existence of the duel does not attribute any particular mediævalism to early Canadians.

There are not very many duels recorded in the writings that bear upon the settlement of Upper Canada, but there are plenty of quarrels, acrimonious verbal warfare and contumelious epithets. Passion runs high in a struggling colony where men are brought into close personal contact in politics, commerce, and other branches of social intercourse. It was so in the French settlements, in New England and Virginia, as well as in Upper Canada. The democratic institutions of new countries often yield a stern warfare of clashing private interests and a rich harvest of feuds and animosities. Accordingly, it is surprising that there are not more duels chronicled in the memoirs of Upper Canada. Probably those which have become a matter of history were memorable because of the prominence of the principals or the mortal issue of the combat. A thorough search of old manuscripts and memoirs would no doubt give details of many other duels. It is a safe rule in historical work that the sum of what is recorded is vastly less than that which has perished in oblivion.

Once John Galt, the founder of the Canada Company and of the town of Galt, which bears his name, had arranged a duel. He, Dunlop and a third person were awaiting the arrival of the other principal, when a messenger rode up at full speed to announce his illness. Dunlop was so furious at the postponement that he threatened to shoot the messenger. A duel which he took great pleasure in arranging was that between John Stewart, a lawyer and schoolmaster of fame in Huron county, and Archie Dickson. They quarreled at a district council dinner, and a meeting became necessary, although Dickson had little heart for the encounter. At daybreak Stewart began to pace up and down in front of Dickson's window armed with a sword and a pistol. Dunlop awakened Dickson and urged him to fight. He made a hurried toilet, repeating with a groan, "I dinna want to fecht, but if a' must a' must," but the duel never came off, for the simple reason that Stewart had the only available weapon.

A great many duels were arranged only in obedience to the inexorable social etiquette of the day, which demanded an attempt at a meeting even if the matter were settled another way. The constable was very often a *deus ex machina*, whose coming was eagerly wished for by the trembling combatants. Many an incipient tragedy had a farcical ending through his opportune intercession. In many cases he was given information well in advance, and the duellists did not object to his appearance as long as their honor was satisfied without bloodshed.

* * *

Thomas Conart, in his *Upper Canada Sketches*, relates an amusing story of a serio-comic duel which took place in 1837 at Whitby, in the closing days of the Rebellion. There was a grand ball which many of the officers of the troops then quartered at Whitby, besides the leading people of the neighborhood, attended. One of the gentlemen present accused another of having pocketed some cakes from the refreshment table. The lie direct was exchanged, and both parties rode to a nearby hotel to arrange the duel. At daybreak they were placed one at each end of the verandah which extended along the front of the building. A Captain Trull endeavored to prevent the fight, and stood directly between the two duellists. One, however, shifted his ground and fired at his opponent, who immediately, though unhurt, threw down his pistol and fled. The peacemaker, it is said, was so incensed at the fugitive's cowardice, that he picked up the discarded weapon and pursued him.

This ridiculous scene symbolizes very well the manner in which duelling has gone out of fashion. It had its origin in the famous trial by combat of the Middle Ages, and became such an universally accepted social custom and instrument of private justice, that it flourished to a late date in spite of the laws. But it could not withstand the shafts of ridicule. A duel became at last a farce, and the custom was laughed out of court. Yet the passing of the duel was important as severing one of the last links that united mediæval to modern Europe and announcing the beginning of a new period of social evolution. The history of duelling in Upper Canada is very brief but its records throw some light on the social customs and political controversies of the day.

* * *

On October 10, 1806, a fatal duel took place at Niagara, on the American side of the river, near the French fort, between William Weekes and William Dickson. Mr. Weekes was a barrister and a member of Parliament for the united counties of York, Durham and Simcoe, and Mr. Dickson also belonged to the legal profession. The death of Mr. Weekes cast a gloom over the community, and was deeply regretted by his constituents, who voiced their grief in an eloquent memorial to his successor.

On July 12, 1817, George, the youngest son of Surveyor-General Ridout was killed in a duel with Mr. Samuel Jarvis. The nature of the dispute which led to this fatal meeting is not recorded, but the affair was conducted according to the rules of the recognized code of honor. Mr. Jarvis was brought to trial, but was acquitted. Duelling was not recognized in law, but it had the sanction of a social custom, and no jury would convict the participants. This affair was raked up again eleven years afterwards, in 1828, by Francis Collins, editor of the *Canadian Freeman*. He had been imprisoned and fined for libel. In revenge he brought into court the two men who had been seconds in this duel. One, Mr. Henry John Boulton, was now Solicitor-General, and the other, James E. Small, was an eminent member of the bar. Needless to say, they were acquitted. The duelling weapons generally used were pistols. The use of the small sword or the rapier had gone out of fashion in the Anglo-Saxon communities at this time. Even such an exquisite dandy and military man as Captain Rawdon Crawley, in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, uses pistols in his duels, those famous pistols, to use his own words, "the same which I shot Captain Marker."

A great many of the duels in Upper Canada were fought by members of the Bar and the House of Assembly. The knights of the black robe were not content with the battles of the tongue in those days, but followed the more dangerous avocation of duelling. Many gentlemen in other professions also occasionally met on the field of honor. Colonel Arthur Rankin, who sat in the old Canadian Parliament, and in the first Dominion House of Commons as member of Essex, was in six "affairs," and, it is said, endeavored to have a seventh with Sir John Macdonald. Colonel Dunlop, who was associated with John Galt in the colonizing efforts of the Canada Company in Huron county, in 1825, was a noted duellist. A veteran of the Napoleonic campaigns and the war of 1812,



K.

he took great delight in fighting duels or in arranging details of duels for his friends.

He was warden of the forests for the Canada Company, and fought

with Commissioner Jones when the relations of the Canada Company and the Cobourg clique grew strained.

* * *

Once John Galt, the founder of the Canada Company and of the town of Galt, which bears his name, had arranged a duel. He, Dunlop and a third person were awaiting the arrival of the other principal, when a messenger rode up at full speed to announce his illness. Dunlop was so furious at the postponement that he threatened to shoot the messenger. A duel which he took great pleasure in arranging was that between John Stewart, a lawyer and schoolmaster of fame in Huron county, and Archie Dickson. They quarreled at a district council dinner, and a meeting became necessary, although Dickson had little heart for the encounter. At daybreak Stewart began to pace up and down in front of Dickson's window armed with a sword and a pistol. Dunlop awakened Dickson and urged him to fight. He made a hurried toilet, repeating with a groan, "I dinna want to fecht, but if a' must a' must," but the duel never came off, for the simple reason that Stewart had the only available weapon.

A great many duels were arranged only in obedience to the inexorable social etiquette of the day, which demanded an attempt at a meeting even if the matter were settled another way. The constable was very often a *deus ex machina*, whose coming was eagerly wished for by the trembling combatants. Many an incipient tragedy had a farcical ending through his opportune intercession. In many cases he was given information well in advance, and the duellists did not object to his appearance as long as their honor was satisfied without bloodshed.

Thomas Conart, in his *Upper Canada Sketches*, relates an amusing story of a serio-comic duel which took place in 1837 at Whitby, in the closing days of the Rebellion. There was a grand ball which many of the officers of the troops then quartered at Whitby, besides the leading people of the neighborhood, attended. One of the gentlemen present accused another of having pocketed some cakes from the refreshment table. The lie direct was exchanged, and both parties rode to a nearby hotel to arrange the duel. At daybreak they were placed one at each end of the verandah which extended along the front of the building. A Captain Trull endeavored to prevent the fight, and stood directly between the two duellists. One, however, shifted his ground and fired at his opponent, who immediately, though unhurt, threw down his pistol and fled. The peacemaker, it is said, was so incensed at the fugitive's cowardice, that he picked up the discarded weapon and pursued him.

This ridiculous scene symbolizes very well the manner in which duelling has gone out of fashion. It had its origin in the famous trial by combat of the Middle Ages, and became such an universally accepted social custom and instrument of private justice, that it flourished to a late date in spite of the laws. But it could not withstand the shafts of ridicule. A duel became at last a farce, and the custom was laughed out of court. Yet the passing of the duel was important as severing one of the last links that united mediæval to modern Europe and announcing the beginning of a new period of social evolution. The history of duelling in Upper Canada is very brief but its records throw some light on the social customs and political controversies of the day.

* * *



Lady of the House (instructing new page)—Have you ever been at a party before, Riggles?
Riggles—Honky as a guest, Mum.—Punch.

A gentleman who conducts a large wholesale business once remarked that his experience with office boys could be summed up as, "Hired—Tired—Fired." *Life*.

DRAMATIC NOTES

ONE evening this week I was walking down King street, and as I passed the site of the new Alexandra Theater on the old Upper Canada College grounds, I noticed a big gang of laborers working overtime on the excavation, which is a remarkably large one, making the ground space occupied by many of the large manufacturers in the district look small by comparison. A number of idlers were standing on the sidewalk watching the busy scene. Out of curiosity I stopped and addressed a question to one of the group, an elderly gentleman of somewhat decayed appearance, of the type that ruminates in hotel windows. "What are they going to build here?" said I. The old fellow turned full around upon me with an air of being interrupted in a reverie and replied: "A pleasure house for gentlemen—a theatre." The tone in which he imparted the information and the look with which he favored me aroused within me an uncomfortable feeling that he had some suspicion that I might belong to the incomprehensible class he had mentioned. Lest he should treat me to a lecture on the wasteful and disreputable habit of lolling in theaters I went my way. But as I did so I reflected on the old gentleman's definition of the theater. I am in exact agreement with him in his interpretation of what it is, or at least what it should be—a pleasure house. The striving for newness in all things in these days has in much too large a degree deprived the drama of much of its pleasurable without adding to its profitability. During the past season I saw, with perhaps one exception, all the important dramatic presentations given in Toronto, and about all the indifferent plays, and the only ones which I can recall without effort, and which do me good to recall, are those which left "a pleasant taste in my mouth"—which gave me pleasure. Every other person of discrimination with whom I have spoken on the subject has said the same thing. The dreary, gruesome "problem" plays we all seek to forget. It is far better for the player-folk to appeal to the finer instincts in men and women than to caricature their human weaknesses—far better and more pleasurable. Toronto theatergoers have shown that they do not approve or enjoy the harrowing, unpleasant play. Even Mr. Willard could not popularize such an offering as *The Fool's Revenge*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the day of distressful drama will soon pass. The portrayal on the stage of unloveliness, as a rule, fills us with weariness rather than inspiration.

At daybreak of Dickson's stool. Dunlop. He made a dinner want to never came off, only available

in obedience to the matter were very often a sketch, which de- cipient tragedy intermedia- nation well in to his appear- without blood-

Next October a dramatization of Marie Corelli's work, *Barabbas*, by Mr. Edward A. Braden, will be produced in New York. The play is laid in Jerusalem, and treats of the trial and crucifixion of Christ. According to the announcements it will be elaborately staged, and one hundred and twenty people will be employed in the performance. In my opinion the production of these "Biblical plays" is distinctly incongruous. Invest them with all the splendor of stage setting that is possible, produce them even with real strength, and they still impress one as melodrama, which is scarcely a consummation to be wished.

The other day a young lady who was a rather regular attendant at the Princess Theater during the past season, reveling particularly in the plays made fascinating by an atmosphere of flaxen wigs and golden snuff-boxes, was writing a letter. Her dinky little roller blotter was not in good working order. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "I wonder what those people in the old-time plays used to blot their letters. They seemed to dust it on like you dust sugar on strawberries." "Do you want to know what it is?" grunted big brother from the depths of his chair. "It's sand. I was just reading something about that in this paper I've got. Listen to this. Some old chap's writing, and he says: 'What changes in all the apparatus of writing! When I was a boy, everybody wrote on letter paper, and there was no envelope. The letter was folded in a peculiar way that was taught to children, then put in a cover.' There were wafers and sealing wax; no blotting paper, but sand. Quill pens were in universal use. There were 'pen-knives,' the name still retained, to 'make' them with. We cannot forget how Miss Squires shyly brought up her pen to be 'made' by Nicholas. Steel pens were not in use."

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe propose to produce three new American plays next season. Two are by Eric Mackay, and the third by H. W. Boynton. They also promise plays by D'Annunzio and Sudermann, including a revival of *The Sunken Bell*. In *As You Like It*, Mr. Sothern will appear as Touchstone and Jaques in alternation.

Among stars who have gone abroad a-summering are Fritz Scheff, Robert Loraine, Kyle Bellw, Frank Daniels and Dave Montgomery of Montgomery & Stone. Miss Scheff will spend part of her summer in Vienna. During July she will take an extended automobile trip through the Black Forest. Bellw will spend July with friends in London and along the Thames. A part of Loraine's vacation will be spent at Cheshire, his home town. Frank Daniels, with Mrs. Daniels, will visit Scotland, stopping some weeks at Dundee where Mrs. Daniels lived for some years when a girl. Dave Montgomery's trip will be devoted to general sight-seeing on the continent. Speaking of the vacations taken by actors and actresses a friend remarked to me the other day that stage people must "have a big snap with nothing to do all summer." As a matter of fact, members of the profession do not walk out of the theater on the night of their last engagement in the spring and throw aside dull care until a new season comes around. The men and women who have achieved distinction on the stage indulge in summer trips to restful spots, but reading and study give them a short enough interval between seasons. Those who fill minor parts have, during the months when the theaters are closed, to hustle at some less artistic employment to keep body and soul together.

The lasting and affectionate regard in which the London playgoers hold their favorites found splendid exemplification at the matinee at the Drury Lane Theater in commemoration of the theatrical jubilee of Ellen Terry. It was the most remarkable manifestation of its kind in the history of the British stage. Miss Terry made a short speech, thanking all for their kindness. She said: "Though I stood here as long as the pyramids have stood, I could never say what this day has been to



LITTLE QUESTIONS.
"Father, must I get married some time?"—*Life*.

me; I have the heart to wonder at all you have done have had the thought, the feeling, the tears in his eyes, for me, but not the tongue to praise you. I will not say the magic in his heart, before he can possibly transmute it into language. The masterless men with words need not have done great deeds nor possess great virtues; but they must have had great feelings, else their words will never walk. So, after all, the magic is in the man who charms the words more than in the words that are charmed. And the miracle is that the words hold the

A good example of the promptness of Canadian justice when it is in good working order was furnished by the trial and conviction of the three men who held up the train near Kamloops, B.C. Within twenty-five days from the time the train was held up the men were ready for the penitentiary; two of them to serve life sentences. It that time there were two trials, the jury having disagreed the first time, owing, it is said, to the presence of a Socialist, who was opposed to punishing men by placing them in prison. It was probably a record case. It ought to be a great advertisement for British Columbia justice, as well as a warning to train robbers.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

Sir Henry and the Theater Cats.

In his *Reminiscences* of the late Sir Henry Irving, says the *London Academy*, Joshua Hatton gives some anecdotes which show the great actor in the role of a humorist. Two of these we repeat:

A certain man, says Mr. Hatton, used to go about purloining, as it were, an occasional glint of Irving's fame by dressing as much like him as he could, wearing his hair long in the Irving manner, and getting as near as he could, with economy, to the style of his hat. One day this gentleman stopped Irving in a quiet street and, with a touch of pride, said:

"Mr. Irving, I find myself a good deal embarrassed by being so often mistaken for you."

"Cut your hair, my friend; cut your hair," was the prompt reply.

The second anecdote is characteristic of Irving's great generosity, as well as showing his quiet sense of humor.

A widow of an old Lyceum servant applied to him for some sort of occupation about the theater, whereby she might earn a living. Irving appealed to Loveday, his manager.

"There is absolutely no vacancy of any kind," said Loveday.

"Can't you give her a job to look after the theater cats?" I think we're too many mice about, not to mention rats."

"No," said Loveday, "there are two women already on that job."

"Hum, ha, let me see," said Irving, reflectively, then suddenly brightening with an idea: "Very well, then give her the job of looking after the two women who are looking after the cats."

The widow was at once engaged on the permanent staff of the theater.

There disappeared not very many years ago from the roll of European nobility armorial bearings taking the form of a wooden bottle pierced by an arrow. There was a romance in that bottle. A battle between Frederick III. of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden had left the spoils to the Danes. After the battle, a sturdy burgher of Flensburg was about to take a long pull from his bottle, when a stricken Swede hailed him and begged for a drink. The Dane, borrowing the classical phrase, "Thy need is greater than mine," knelt by the side of his fallen enemy to pour the liquid down his throat. As he did so, the Swede treacherously fired a bullet into his shoulder. "You knave!" cried the other, starting to his feet. "I would have befriended you, and you seek to murder me in return. I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; now you shall have but half." Tossing off half himself, he gave the remainder to the Swede. His King, hearing of the incident, ennobled him, and assigned him for his armorial bearings the emblems described.

We wish Mr. Kipling would write out more fully his ideas and impressions about literature, says *Harper's Weekly*. He could make an essay which, while it might not say all there is to say on that subject, would be exceedingly good reading, and doubtless edifying. He has spoken before about the magic of words. In the story called *Wistless*, he says—as near as we remember it—that there are only five passages in all literature which are pure magic, and three of these he credits to Keats. That men have been able to put into words the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions that they have put into them; that simple, common words are able to hold the thoughts and emotions so entrusted to them and give them up again on demand, so that "they walk up and down in the hearts" of sympathetic readers—that is truly matter of magic and passes understanding. It is an extraordinary trick to put words together so that they will live and move. It has been done and will be done again. Any one is welcome to do it who can. But there is this about it: some men can put into words what they have in their minds and some cannot, but no man can put into words what he has not had in his mind. He must

Mr. Carnegie and Humor.

IT was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, an Englishman, who propounded anew the ancient and altogether dreary conundrum as to whether English or American humor is superior. About the same time a number of British authors discussed Andrew Carnegie's proposal to endow spelling reform in a manner which ought to settle the question in favor of America. They took Andrew seriously. Nobody can do that and support any considerable claim to humor.

Several years ago, when the ironmaster publicly dedicated himself to the profession of getting rid of his money, he aroused an extraordinary interest. The thoroughgoing capacity which he had displayed in the obscure vocation of acquiring half a billion or so promised striking results in the restorative process. Besides, it was a novelty. Undoubtedly his intentions were honorable. He has worked hard and conscientiously at his new calling, diligently seeking to irrigate, from the copious stream of his regal income, as many promising bits of arid soil as possible. Perhaps he foresaw, early in the undertaking, that the utmost he could accomplish would amount to a mere incidental spattering—in which case he might as well dribble for a dandelion of Carnegie heroism here and a Johnny-jump-up of spelling reform there as empty the watering-pot to raise a single sheaf of wheat. He sticks manfully to the job. In his recent trip through the South he dutifully uncorked the can at most junction points and spilled a reviving cupful, properly trade-marked. Meanwhile the delectable system which made him a multi-millionaire still operates in unimpaired efficiency. Interest on his \$300,000,000 of Steel Trust bonds is earned by a tariff which permits the Trust to charge consumers at home one-third more than it charges consumers abroad, and by a transportation scheme which gives it use of the national highways at preferential rates. The suggestion that this is made all right to the common man if one out of a million of him can get a bronze medal, for which he has no possible use, signifying that Mr. Carnegie deems him a hero, or by a faint promise of simplifying his orthographical difficulties, ought to be a conclusive test for humor.

Although expressing no opinion as to the rival claims of English and American humor, we maintain that the Scotch article is superior to both.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

The Britisher in Canada.

The Britisher of a certain class complains loudly and constantly that general prejudice is manifested against him in this country. In Australia it seems that conditions are reversed. A recent issue of the *Sydney, N.S.W., Bulletin*, has the following:

"It is discouraging to be an Australian in Australia. The proper road to advancement is to be British-born and educated; to arrive with a conspicuously English carpetbag, trousers that announce the prevailing wetness in London, and an accent of hawty superiority. Then are the doors of preferment opened unto you, and soft nests prepared, whilst the Australian of talent prepares to emigrate and to find in Europe, South America or Asia the appreciation of his abilities which his own land refuses."

If this is the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that Britishers feel more at home in Australia than they do here. In Canada we care little where a man comes from if he "fits in" and "delivers the goods." With regard to the "prejudice" against British immigrants, it is encouraging to note that a number of Britishers themselves are beginning to recognize that many of their own countrymen are themselves to blame for the poor opinion that is often expressed of them here. One of them puts the case very fairly in writing to the *Belfast Saturday Night* from Toronto.

"I notice in *Ireland's Saturday Night* of March 31," he says, "a letter signed 'T. G.' a well-known Belfast man, who makes a great kick about Toronto. Now, I am a Belfast man not so well known, but I have been here for over three years, and I can only say if 'T. G.' does not like the land of promise, let him get out; no one sent for him. I do not think anyone comes out here for sport; it is, I generally find, because they cannot get work at home. I think it very unfair for anyone to come out to a strange country and get a better position than he could at home, and then start and howl because the people won't run the country to suit him."

The Prince and the Pieman.

ORD ROSEBERY, with whom the King, one of his oldest personal friends, lunched a week or two ago under the shadow of the growing Vesuvius, is just entering upon his grand climacteric. As young men—it may almost be said as boys—he and King Edward were much together, and the cordial relations then established have never been broken, for the King is staunch in his friendships, as many another besides Lord Rosebery can testify. Nothing does the King seem to enjoy more, when he meets one of these old boon companions, than to recall and have a hearty laugh at some merry prank of the days gone by, such as that in which, according to a writer in the *Grand Magazine*, he and Lord Rosebery and another nobleman were concerned when the Royal Yacht Club at Gravesend was their frequent place of rendezvous.

They were hardly out of their teens at the time. Gravesend was at that time the great yachting center and the Royal Yacht Club the club *par excellence* for all who indulged in the sport. The King—then, of course, Prince of Wales—was a member, and was frequently there, in the season, with his friends. On one occasion the trio referred to were making their way from the North Kent Station through Bath street to the club, when they encountered a hot-pieman named Smith, quite a character in those days. The old man kept his wares hot in a bright tin arrangement about three feet in height with a small fire in it to keep up the heat. It was evening, and when this object, and the old man in his white coat, cap, and apron, caught the Prince's attention, he challenged his companions to take a flying leap over the can. He himself showed the way, and cleared the thing with several inches to spare. The others followed; but the third youth, striking it with his foot, sent the whole paraphernalia flying. Naturally the owner made a tremendous outcry when he beheld his pies rolling in the dust. A piece of live coal, moreover, fell upon his boot, and he loudly complained that he was "nearly burned to death."

Before much of a crowd could gather the Prince and his companions were able to obtain from the pieman the amount at which he valued his wares, and the outrage was immediately salved by a present quadruple the sum named. Then the Prince, adding another coin of the same color, said: "And this will pay for your burnt toe." "And this," added the third of the trio, "will pay for the fight we have given you." And so with a laugh they went on their way to the yacht club.



Rich Aunt—You only visit me when you want money. Spendthrift—Well, I couldn't come much oftener, could I?—*Tatler*.



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With the Fire-Rangers

By ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

ONE of the pleasantest weeks I ever spent in the Canadian North Woods came about in this way: I was making a trip to the Temagami region last autumn, intending to spend several weeks in that country, and was proceeding on a slow train at night, via the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad, from North Bay to Temagami Station, when I fell in with the chief fire-ranger of the district, who happened to sit next to me.

When he heard of my plans, he suggested that if I would cut my proposed trip short a week, he could substitute for me, in its place, one of the most delightful experiences in the way of an outing I might ever enjoy. "This trip," said he, "will give you an idea of our Canadian system of protecting the rich timber lands against fire, the sight of more game and fish than you have probably ever come across before, and an acquaintance and friendship with two of the best woodsmen and finest fellows you have met in a decade. The country you will see is the best moose and deer country in all Northern Ontario. What do you say?"

The prospect was so alluring that I immediately gave assent. "A week from to-night, then," he went on, "I'll have my men meet you on the track at the thirty-second mile post. Get yourself and your luggage off the train there next Friday, and the rest will be all right."

At ten at night on the date proposed, in a drizzling rain, I was left alone with my belongings by the track in the midst of the black forest, the train passing on into the darkness. At first, I must confess to having experienced a rather uncomfortable feeling, but I was soon reassured by perceiving a lantern approaching and hearing a cheery voice ring out by way of greeting.

After a rather sleepless night spent in a lumber camp in the forest some distance from the track, we started from the shore of Jocko lake and passed, by a series of waters, down into the Jocko river, a small stream running through picturesque stretches of level land, beneath trees that made a wonderful arch-work of tracer overhead, and frequently skirted bold and rugged hills standing like grim sentinels above the moving water. After three hours' paddling we ran the canoe ashore at the site of the old, abandoned Hudson Bay post, which Jack, my fire-ranger guide, informed me was the half-way mark of our journey—nothing left there but an old bridge of logs and dilapidated outhouse rising in melancholy appeal from the clearing.

After eating lunch we entered on the second stage of our journey, and three hours more of hard paddling brought us at last to the shore of "Idylkrest," my fire-rangers' camp. Our canoe was soon unpacked, and not many minutes elapsed before we had passed over the threshold of one of the most comfortable camps it has ever been my lot to visit.

The day was but half spent, and we made hasty preparations to vindicate our coming by having a try at the fish. During the short delay, Pete, Jack's fire-ranger partner, who had followed us an hour behind from the lumber camp, ran his canoe upon the shore, and welcomed me heartily. He had seen two bull moose on his way down, but had refrained from shooting, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, so as to give me a chance the next day. After Pete had snatched a hasty repast, and I had joined and prepared my rod, we started fishing just off a point where a little clear runlet emptied its swift stream. A half-hour brought us five splendid pike—their weight twenty-eight pounds, the largest nine and three-quarters. As I was fishing with a six-ounce rod it was necessary to play my fish for a considerable time before attempting to land them, and when I struck my nine-and-three-quarter pounder, I began to have a pretty lively time. As the battle went on, Pete eyed me critically, and finally began to laugh until I thought he would upset the boat.

"Well," said he, "that's the darnedest kind of fishin' I ever see. Ten minutes to land one fish! Why, in that time I'd have landed seven while you were gettin' one. When I get a fish I don't do no foolin'. If he's on, I just haul him 'till he's off, or in the boat. The way you do, that's triflin'."

We returned at dark to a hot supper prepared by Jack, of which we partook with no mean appetite, and sat smoking by the camp-fire till the hour grew late. Here I learned much of the duties and life of the fire-ranger. The Canadian ranger goes into the woods the first of May and stays till the first of October. Two men are always sent together as partners—usually a young man and one of middle age. Their duties are:

First, to locate and "run" the boundary-lines of the domain, blazing the way on trees, and opening trails; then they must "travel" the tract once so often, placing on conspicuous trees along the trails and portages the Government signs, printed on linen, warning against the reckless building of fires and containing the definite rules to be observed. They are supposed



The Correct Thing for Tennis.—"Life."

To keep watch of camping parties and people journeying through the tract, to see that these rules are obeyed, and that the game laws are not transgressed. In dry weather every part of the limit must be visited within a certain number of days. When the weather is wet, the duties are not arduous, for at such times the forest will take care of itself. Millions of dollars, by means of this supervision of forests, have been saved to the Dominion of Canada, and to the individual owners of its vast stretches of timber.

To the lover of nature travelling through the "silent places," the fire-ranger's camp, or shack, is always a haven of welcome, for the lonely watchman of the forest never fails to bid you share the shelter of his roof and to partake with him of his whole-some fare.

We were up next morning with the early dawn, and, while eating a hearty breakfast, I was startled by Jack's rushing from the table into the cabin. He emerged with a pair of field-glasses, which he directed toward the further shore of the lake. "Get your rifle, quick," he whispered after a pause, "a deer—I'll be ready for you with the canoe." We were soon paddling toward the opposite shore, where we could see, dimly outlined in the distance, the figure of my first buck browsing contentedly on the green rushes along the water's verge. The wind was toward us so that he did not get our scent. When we had approached within three hundred yards, Jack bade me drop paddle and take my rifle. "Now," said he, "don't shoot too quick. I'll put you up near to him." The deer did not seem to notice us. When we had come to two hundred yards, however, he raised his head and looked about.

"Now give it to him," said Jack, as he turned broadside on. I aimed for his shoulder with great deliberation, but the bullet went high. Two more shots followed him as he turned, without excitement, strange to say, on my part. He did not drop, but made for the bank. Then my nerve forsook me. A fourth bullet went a hundred feet short, and a fifth struck the lake a hundred feet in front of the canoe. "He's gone," said Jack, "you've missed him." "Maybe," said I, "but I could swear that second shot struck him in the hind quarter." Said Jack, "We'll see if there is any trace of blood."

Pushing the canoe to the shore, we landed and searched the bushes for signs; when, sure enough, about a dozen yards from the place where he had disappeared several bright red splotches clung to the leaves of the underbrush. We followed on, and again the red moisture stained the rustling leaves. A quarter of a mile from the lake we came upon him in a little glade—down in a heap. I had gotten my first deer.

Day followed day in quick succession at "Idylkrest," and each hour brought its joys on the open waters or in the pathless woods, as I ranged from end to end of their wild domain.

Fifteen deer and seven moose I saw and got within shot of during my week's visit, but none fell save to the snap of the camera. Fourteen partridges and four ducks were brought to bag in one morning's sport. My rod, too, did not fail to vindicate its maker and master. Never had better luck fallen to me than in the waters I was piloted to by Jack and Pete.

The time of my sojourn passed all too quickly, and at last came to an end. The shore of "Idylkrest" vanished in the wake of our departing canoe, and once more we passed the winding and shaded stretches of the Jocko river, catching a glimpse of a fine bull moose just as we turned into Jocko lake. Soon my baggage was lying beside the thirty-second mile-post, and the whistle of the approaching train warned me to be in readiness. A hearty handshake to Jack and Pete, with the promise to return next season, and my week with the two Canadian fire-rangers, the best backwoodsmen I have ever known, was ended.—"Four-Track News."

AUTHORITIES ON SLEEP

T was recently noted by the English newspapers that a sub-committee of the Devon Education Board have recommended that where a child shows unmistakable signs of drowsiness it should be allowed to go to sleep.

Anxious, as ever, to ascertain and diffuse expert opinion, Mr. Punch has been at pains to consult a number of leading authorities on this subject, with the following highly interesting results:

Mr. Henry Newbolt, the famous singer of the West Country and author, amongst other lyrics, of "Devon, O Devon in wind and rain," at once replied in the following spirited im-

promptu:

"Six hours for a man;
For a woman, seven;
And eight for a fool—
Was considered the rule
When I went to school.
But in drowsy Devon
The minimum's seven;
And the higher you sail
In the social scale,
The larger the numbers
Allotted to slumbers."

For myself I'm content with a modest nine,

But our Duke, so his intimates say,
Repeatedly breakfasts at five o'clock tea.

And does the rest of the day."

Mr. Sidney Lee said that the value of sleep as an incentive to literary effort and a means to longevity was unquestionable. Epimenides, the Crete poet, who went to sleep for fifty-seven years, attained an age, according to different authorities, of 154, 157, 229, or 289 years. Shakespeare's frequent references to sleep indicated (1) a high opinion of its curative value, (2) the probability—which the play "Macbeth" converted to something like certainty—that Shakespeare himself was troubled by insomnia.

Asked whether he connected the Sleepers of Ephesus with the Baghdad Railway, Mr. Sidney Lee maintained an attitude of polite scepticism. He thought, however, that the requirements of Devonshire school children ought not to be made the standard or norm, as the proximity of the Gulf Stream undoubtedly tended to promote a susceptibility to soporific influences from which dwellers in Norfolk were immune.

Professor Churton Collins, on being interviewed, said that the example of the great Napoleon, who cultivated the habit of sleeping at all times and in all environments—hence the word "nap"—fully justified the decision of the Devonshire educational authorities. But in view of the numerous desperate characters who were now abroad he was strongly of opinion that the new Education Act should contain a mandatory clause enjoining on all teachers to instruct children in the art of sleeping with at least one eye open. He added that he deeply regretted to notice that, in the list of national songs compiled by the Board of Education, "Pop Goes the Weasel" was conspicuous by its absence.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cordially approved of the action of the Devonshire authorities, which he thought admitted of indefinite extension. In his opinion sleeping cars ought to be attached to all workmen's trains. At the same time it behoved us as a nation to be watchful and vigilant. Lord Rosebery, the great prophet of efficiency, was a notorious light sleeper. On the whole he was indisposed to make it a party question, and would leave it to the sense of the House as a whole to determine whether legislation on the subject was necessary.

Ancestral Memory.

As I walk along a dark, lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I glance to right and left. I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory disk giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clenched, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together and sprang upon his enemy to rend him with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word "offensive" it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still

alive in us all, and we are still able to think.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em
When they wuzn't any other
Less she found 'em up above 'em

And her eyes afore she shut 'em
Whispered, with a smile, and said

We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',

They ain't no style abut 'em

Vit the doorway here without 'em

Would be lonesomer and shaded

With a good 'eal, blacker shadder

Than the mornin' glories makes,

And the sunshine would look sadder

For their good old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'

Sort o' make a feller feel like 'em,

And I tell you when I find a

Bunch out whut the sun kin strike

'em,

It allus sets me thinkin'

O' the ones 'at used to grow

And peek in through the chinkin'

O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,

And how she used to love 'em

When they wuzn't any other

Less she found 'em up above 'em

And her eyes afore she shut 'em

Whispered, with a smile, and said

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July 27, Friday, "Empress of Britain."
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S. S. "Lake Champlain" and "Lake Erie" carry only One Class of cabin passengers (excepting those to be given free) accommodation situated in the best part of the steamers at \$2.50 and \$45.00.
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In effect June 11th, daily (except Sunday)—
Leave Buffalo, 10 a.m.; 1 p.m.; 7.30 p.m.—
Arrive Niagara Falls, 11 a.m.; 2 p.m.; 3.45 p.m.; 5.15 p.m.—
Arrive Toronto [0.30 a.m.], 1.15 p.m.; 3 p.m., 4.45 p.m.; 8.30 p.m.; 10 p.m.

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Steamers leave Toronto 4.30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, for Port Hope, Cobourg, Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, and intermediate ports.

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Commencing June 2, steamers Toronto and Kingston leave Toronto 3.30 p.m., daily, except Sundays. From July 1, daily, for Rochester, 1,000 Islands Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports. Montreal, Quebec, and Saguenay lines now running.

For further information apply to any R. & O. ticket offices or write H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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Good going daily. Proportionate rates from other points.

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and AIRY

Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requires correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original handwriting, written in ink, and mounted in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing remarks, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Appollonia—I promised you a delineation this week. Your writing is full of character, self-will, and independent thought, with the wish and the power to dominate. You can be warmly loving, and should be demonstrative when your affections are aroused, also a trifle exacting and apt to resent any shortcoming in the object of your affection. It is the hand of an idealist, to whose imagination many unstable and untrue things might easily appeal. I am sure you'd lose yourself very soon in protracted argument, which you probably dislike.

June 9 brings you under Gemini, an air sign, and you have the unrest of the dual nature of Castor and Pollux, pulling you in opposite directions.

The June children are generally very brightly loquacious. It would be indeed well for you to cultivate a cheerful philosophy, and remember that any double sign needs much repose,

thought and solitude to help it bring

line. I don't wonder you find your decisions difficult and often regrettable.

You don't think independently enough. November 15 brings you under Scorpio, the great power of the ocean. It is said Scorpio women are particularly fond of flattery, and that they are often unduly fond of dress and high living. When the Scorpio nature is awakened it is helpful, powerful, tender, and devoted. There is

Gladys Vernon.—You are a Taurus child—that sign beginning to rule on April 19, and ending on May 20. It is a hard sign to overcome; its children are fearless, kind, generous, with great powers of concentration, great love of material things, good living, jolly company, and money to spend. Your writing is excellent, but not formed enough to interest a graphologist. It shows great traits, waiting for proper development.

Grandmother.—There is humor, grace of fancy, much power, love of beauty, refinement, and some sensitiveness, admirable discretion, conservatism, very pleasant temper, care for detail, enterprise, and very good sequence of ideas. You will never grow old. Lady Gay's love to you, and she knows you are Irish by the blessed wrinkles and curls on some of your letters. Tin the writing of a gentlewoman, truly womanly, too.

Gem.—Backhand, and written on lines. I don't wonder you find your decisions difficult and often regrettable.

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nothing so fatal, unless pure and sweet. I need not tell you of your quickness, brightness, and play of fancy, but there is something you

need—purpose, inspiration, repose,

and you only can achieve its passes-

sion. I have indeed one "13" super-

stitution, that of sitting at table with

"A Maid of Ontario," and, judging twelve others. I simply will not

it by my memories of '66 and the do it. And so, farewell to you. If

you write again I shall be delighted—honest!

Das Madchen.—Your hand is not formed, even though you are eighteen. There is, however, the dominant touch and spasmodic caution, some concentration, intermittent sentiment, care for detail, and a great deal more regard for convention and formalism than Appollonia evinces. The seventh of June is neither lucky nor unlucky. It governs the most brilliant successes, and the most lamentable failures, according as you develop and discipline yourself. There is more adaptability in you than in the other June study I referred to, and a great deal less original aptness; also you are really much more egotistic. The erratic impulse which mars the progress of your sign, with the uncertain aim and varying purpose, is suggested by the wayward slants in your study.

George.—March 20 is a good enough time. The March sign,

Pisces, rules until the 21st, and its children are lovable, magnetic, generous and confiding, fond of beauty in art and nature, loyal to friends, honest and clean-minded, innately modest, sometimes so deficient in self-esteem as to be awkward and apt to imagine the world is against them. Worry, anxiety and diseased imagination are faults of Pisces people. They are often so mortified at being told of a fault that they deeply resent it in sullenness. Perhaps it is the Pisces sensitivity which makes you resent the rude stares you mention. It is not usual for one of your sort to be decided in the way you mention; more natural to hesitate. Your writing is full of fair promises, and has many of Pisces' most ingratiating qualities. It suggests a business training and aptitude.

Forget-me-not—I know the city you mention thoroughly, and am very fond of it. Just now it's charming. Your writing is yet a copy-book hand, pleasing and even, with many graceful curves, but not the character and snap one loves in a study. You had better wait a bit for a delineation.

Anxiety.—October 4 brings you under Libra, the Scales, an air sign, particularly lovable and useful when properly balanced, will and judgment hanging even, and the bright mentality free to work in its always original and charming way. You have decided ambition, perseverance, hopefulness, imagination, good temper, social instincts, impulse and energy. You are courteous, frank, and honorable. It isn't a consistently strong study, but there is a good deal of power and a conservative tone.

Ishobel.—You are adaptable, hopeful, enterprising, somewhat tenacious, at times despondent, always reasonable, practical, and with some love of power. It isn't difficult to be original, if you are just yourself. In fact, one cannot, unless one wilfully stultifies oneself, be anything else. I think I'd not bother trying to be interesting to society. Such a lot of rubbish seems to interest that queer mixture. Naturally, one thinks of himself a good deal, and rightly so; it pays to consider one's capabilities and do one's best to give each a chance. You have quality likely to repay consideration. See other answers to June people in this column. There are several.

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stitution, that of sitting at table with

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it by my memories of '66 and the do it. And so, farewell to you. If

study. February 15 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, whose children are too often careless and excitable, squandering time, gifts, and advantages, the strongest and the weakest people in the world.

G.—I think sixteen is too young for a delineation. Your writing is in the formative stage.

Low Summer Tourist Rates West.

During the entire summer the Chicago and North Western Railway will have in effect very low round trip tourist rates to Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia points. Choice of routes going and returning with favorable stop-overs and time limits. Especially low excursion rates to the Pacific Coast from June 25 to July 7. For further particulars, illustrated folders, etc., write or call on B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

Prince and People.

Prince Arthur of Connaught was with us for few days. He went again, and about two thousand persons, more or less, will tell their children that they once had the honor of being presented to him. If the Prince could examine the pedigrees of those who were thus honored he would find that the parents of at least half of them came over steerage from the British Isles. From steerage to the title "Honorable" in two or three generations is easy enough in Canada. In fact, it has been accomplished in one generation by a not insignificant few. Every person has a chance in this country. Every social grade is open to a man irrespective of the social standing of his parents—with the single exception of the permanent militia, which is retained as a special preserve for the younger sons of aristocratic Canadian or British families. In Great Britain, it is much more difficult for a man to rise from the ranks to equality with the aristocracy in one generation, although it has more than once been accomplished.

There were handsome women presented to the Prince, who, in their younger days, had been farmers' daughters, servants and even hotel waitresses. In England the difficulties which beset the ambitious women are even greater than in the case of men. Even a minister who marries a girl "of the people" can scarcely find a pulpit either in England or Scotland. More than one clergyman has come to Canada because the pulpit were closed to him on account of his having married the daughter of a tradesman. Here no such distinction obtains.—"Canadian Magazine" for June.

All Right Now.

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living, didn't you, mama?"

"Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class."

"Well, it's all right now. May he call to-night?"

"Has someone left him a fortune?"

"No, but he's lost his job."—Cleveland Leader.

THE OLD PLEA

He "Didn't Know it Was Loaded."

The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug Caffein a serious poison to the heart and nerves, causing many other forms of disease, noticeably dyspepsia.

"I was a lover of coffee and used it for many years, and did not realize the bad effects. I was suffering from its use.

"At first I was troubled with indigestion, but did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee, but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea, and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition that I could scarcely retain any food. I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed what caused the indigestion, so I kept on with the coffee and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year, until it developed into chronic diarrhoea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting, so I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow reduced from 150 to 128 pounds.

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach, which had got so bad he could do nothing for me, and I became convinced my days were numbered.

"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injures people, so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals, and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better.

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned, and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum; the result is I am now a well man, with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting, and have already gained back to 147 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

When the Liver is out of Order

calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and invigorate this vital organ—and put it in a normal, healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches.

No other medicine known to science is so reliable and so effective in curing Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices with tonics added—and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs. 50c, a box or for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

**A PUNCH
BIOGRAPHY**

WILLIAM HARVEY (1578-1650)

T is astonishing what luck some people have.

Columbus discovered America by merely sailing for some time in the right direction. America takes up some room and could hardly be avoided by anybody going that way. But nobody happened to have been before, so Columbus gets the glory.

Sir Isaac Newton lay under a tree for a doze, and an apple fell on his head. What he said has not been recorded, though it may be imagined. What he did was to give out that he had discovered the Law of Gravitation. The name caught on, and Sir Isaac Newton got into Parliament on the strength of it, was made Master of the Mint, knighted, and finally buried in Westminster Abbey. Pretty good that, for one small apple!

The third instance is that of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the subject of our biography.

William Harvey was born at Folkestone, the seaside resort, in 1578, and educated at Canterbury and Cambridge. His favorite recreation is not mentioned in the works of reference, but was very likely rounders, and this may have given him the hint of which he afterwards made such good use. He took his degree at the early age of nineteen, for he was a bright lad. At the age of twenty-four he had taken two M.D.'s, and settled as a physician in London, probably in Harley street. Some people would call this enterprise, others impudence. He went on pocketing fees for the next twenty years, and then his chance came. People's blood had been circulating ever since the time of Adam, but it first occurred to William Harvey to make a fuss about it. And the fuss told. That was William Harvey's luck.

He nearly spoilt his chances by the title he gave to the book in which he announced his discovery. What was wanted was a short, snappy title that would arouse interest and curiosity. William Harvey was far too clever for that. He called his book "Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis." One would have said that a book with that on its cover wouldn't have a dog's chance. And it wouldn't now. It would have to be called "On its Rounds"; or "When it was Red," if it was to sell on the bookstalls. No bishop could be expected to preach about a book called "Exercitatio Anatomica," and the rest of it.

But William Harvey's luck held, in spite of this mistake. The next we hear of him is as physician to Charles the First, and so intoxicated by his success that nothing would do for him but to be sent on an embassy to Nuremberg, accompanied by the Earl of Arundel, and publicly demonstrate his theory before the Emperor. It was his artfulness to call it his theory. He knew very well by this time that the blood circulated. It was a fact, not a theory. The Earl of Arundel knew it, too. He had heard quite enough about it on the way over. How William Harvey demonstrated his theory is not recorded. Perhaps he pricked his finger. Perhaps he pricked the Earl of Arundel's. It is not probable that he pricked the Emperor's.

Having once induced people to listen to him when he mounted his hobby, William Harvey stuck to them. He stuck to Charles the First, and was in attendance on him at the Battle of Edgehill. Charles the First was too polite to say he had had all he could do with the circulation of the blood; and he lost the battle.

William Harvey accompanied the King to Oxford, still prosing on about the circulation of the blood. This was a little too much. Charles the First got rid of him in the most graceful way. He had him elected Warden of Merton, and took good care not to accept invitations to dine at the high table of that college as long as he remained in Oxford.

The Fellows of Merton put up with William Harvey for four years, and then Cromwell turned them all out. They didn't like going, but they felt there were compensations. Most of them had become vegetarians in self-

defence, and could now return to a meat diet.

William Harvey went back to London, and, "during the remainder of his life was usually the guest of one or other of his brothers." They were always a united family, the Harveys, and William's brothers said that if all the other houses in London were closed to them their should remain open. Blood was thicker than water. "Yes," said William, "and it circulates. I don't know whether I ever told you two fellows that when I went over to Nuremberg with my old friend Arundel—." And so on. They stood that for eleven years.

In 1651 William Harvey tried to repeat his early success with a book called "Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium." But it was a frost. Nobody was going to let him start off again if they knew it. The book was reviewed in the medical papers, but had no sale at the libraries.

Six years later he died, and was buried at Hempstead, near Saffron Walden. And that was the end of William Harvey—"Punch."

The Fisherman's Rubaiyat.

I.

Wake! for the clock is several hours late,
And in the pools the eager troutlets wait,
All longing for the brilliant-colored fly—
While from your flash sounds gurgle of the bait.

II.

I sometimes think that never grow so hot
The words that we are prone to use a lot
As when some fish is hooked and played quite well
And, when you reach for him you find he's not.

III.

What? if the boy can fling the cruel aside
And with a crooked stick that we derive
Catch far more fish than we of fancy rods,
Were not a shame for us to harbor pride?

IV.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
The fishing streams and heard great argument
'Bout fancy lures, and rods and heels such,
But always caught 'em with a pin up.

V.

Ah, pard, could only you and I con-spire
To use worms to our heart's desire,
Instead of sticking to our fly-book truck,
Could not we each be made a better liar?

—Denver "Republican."

Here's a Poser.

Here is a question for those who like to occupy their minds with ethical speculation:

Pompeii is one of the priceless possessions of mankind. The destruction of every town around Vesuvius, apart from any loss of human life, would be regarded throughout the civilized world as a disaster incomparably less serious than the obliteration of Pompeii as it exists to-day.

Suppose a stream of lava which would otherwise overwhelm the remains of Pompeii and bury them forever, could be averted by the involuntary sacrifice of a single life—let us say that of an obscure, mortally diseased, disreputable, worthless person inhabiting Torre del Annunziata; and suppose the question as to whether the lava should swallow up Pompeii or this single individual was to be decided by secret ballot of all the educated Christians on earth.

Would the majority of the educated Christians of the world, each voting honestly his preference and knowing that the character of his vote would never be disclosed, decree the destruction of what is left of Pompeii or the extinction of this one worthless life in Torre del Annunziata?—New York "Sun."

If the average man had what he wanted there wouldn't be anything left for the balance of mankind.—Portland "Oregonian."



SUMMER MUSINGS.

Now doth ye mistress of ye house set forth for summer outings gay,
Yet feareth that ye naughty spouse will eke be glad that she's away.

—"Puck."

"US GEORGES"

By George Ade.

AVE you ever figured out why people who wish to be emphatic say "By George"? To swear by the Deity would be profane. To swear by Oscar or Herbert, or Randolph, would mean nothing. "George" has been adopted as the most important and awe-inspiring name that can be borrowed from the ordinary human list.

From the original St. George, patron saint of England, who is shown in his favorite lithograph to be fighting the syndicate, down to George Wilkes, the great trotting stallion, the name of "George" has always been the trade-mark of a live one. Every good Pullman porter is named George. If, when alighting at a one-night stand, you insist upon being hauled by "George," you will invariably get an upholstered hack, and the blanket neatly folded and not as much hay as you might expect.

George the Third would have won if he had not given away so much weight in meeting the other George, adopted step-father of George Washington, Jr.

George is from the Greek, meaning "husbandman" or "farmer." My parents were in right, but how about George Marion, George Beane, George Nash, George Considine, and George Caine?

When you begin to count them, it is wonderful how the Georges loom up. There has been but one George Francis Train in the last century, and George Alexander is to the English stage what George Dixon was to an other department of art in this country.

When a woman wants to write under a man's name, she hurries to get in with the real Georges. Take the three greatest—George Eliot, George Sand and George Fleming.

Some people ask, "What's in a name?" Answer—"Everything." Can you see the Chicago public fighting to get into a show-shop to see a piece written by Egbert M. Cohan? And if my name had been Wilfred Ade, would I have been invited to write for the papers. Suppose that George Bernard Shaw had been christened Sam Bernard Shaw, would "Man and Superman" have run all winter in New York? Think it over.

There's no use talking. "It's a grand old name."

Ellen Terry's Tribute to Shakespeare.

One of the most significant tokens of England's appreciation of Ellen Terry, remarks the New York "Dramatic Mirror," was the letter sent to her by the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace, congratulating her on the completion of the fiftieth year of her association with the stage. That Miss Terry herself valued this letter above the many more conspicuous tributes and more substantial rewards which marked the celebration of her jubilee, will appear from the following graceful acknowledgment, in which she pays something other than perfunctory homage to the great dramatist:

"I have no words to express my pride and delight in this address of congratulation from the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace. It is an honor that I dreamed not of, and one that to me must stand as high above all others as Shakespeare stands above all other poets. If in my fifty years' work upon the stage I have done anything in the cause of Shakespeare, he has done everything for me. No dramatist before or since has ever given us players such opportunities, nor suggested to us such high, brilliant, and varied ways of exercising our art. Every part of Shakespeare's has been to me a liberal education. It was a happy omen for me that I was born in his native Warwickshire—happier still for me I

Strawber—Do you think this link is so good as it used to be?
Singerly—Oh, no! it's so crowded now that there's no place to kiss a girl without being seen. —"Life."

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office, corner of Jordan and Wellington streets, Toronto, on the 20th instant. Among those present were W. F. Allen, R. C. Bickerstaff, W. F. Cowan, Fred W. Cowan, W. Francis, J. Hedley, W. R. Johnston, David Kidd (Hamilton), H. Langlois, J. K. Nevin, G. B. Smith, W. W. Tammlyn, Frederick Wyld and others.

The chair was taken by the President, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary of the meeting.

The Chairman read the report of the directors and the General Manager read the statement of the affairs of the Bank, as on the 31st of May, 1906.

REPORT.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the 31st Annual Report for the year ending 31st of May, 1906, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities.

The business of the past year has been very satisfactory and the net profits after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, for rebate of interest on unmatured bills under discount, etc., amount to \$175,652.03. To this has been added \$184,278, the premium on new stock issued at 200 on the 15th of May, 1906, which, together with the balance of profit and loss account of \$62,114.83 brought forward from last year, amounts to \$422,044.86.

This has been appropriated as follows:

Half-yearly dividend No. 60, paid 1st Dec., 1905, at the rate of 10% per annum \$ 50,000.00

Quarterly dividend No. 61, paid 1st March, 1906, at the rate of 10% per annum 25,000.00

Quarterly dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906, at the rate of 12% per annum 30,975.14

Transferred to reserve fund from profits 100,000.00

Transferred to reserve fund from premium on new stock 184,278.00

Carried forward at credit of profit and loss account 31,791.72

Authority was obtained from the shareholders at a special meeting held on the 13th of February, 1906, to increase the capital stock of the Bank by \$1,000,000, and the directors, in pursuance thereof, have allotted \$250,000 to shareholders of record at a premium of 100%.

Agencies and sub-agencies of the Bank have been opened during the year at Bloomfield, Castleton, Concession, Deseronto, Flesherton, Maple and St. Lawrence Market, Toronto. Offices will also be opened next month in Ottawa and on Yonge street, Toronto.

Since our last meeting the Bank has sustained a severe loss in the death of the late Mr. Thomas R. Wood, who joined the Board of Directors in 1894. Mr. F. Cowan was appointed to the vacancy.

The head office and agencies of the Bank have been inspected during the year and your directors have pleasure in acknowledging the efficient manner in which the staff have performed their duties.

Toronto, 31st May, 1906.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Cr.
Dividend No. 60, paid 1st Dec., 1905	\$ 50,000.00
Dividend No. 61, paid 1st March, 1906	25,000.00
Dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906	30,975.14
Transferred to Rest Account, 100,000.00	100,000.00
Transferred to Rest Account, 184,278.00	184,278.00
Carried forward at credit of profit and loss account	31,791.72
	\$422,044.86

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.	Assets.
Notes in circulation \$ 936,541.00	Gold and silver coin \$ 249,478.13
Interest bearing 11,674,730.86	Dominion notes, legal tenders 1,127,054.60
Interest (including interest accrued to date) 11,674,730.86	Bank notes and cheques of other banks 502,322.40
Deposits 1,475,125.50	Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation 50,000.00
	Due from other banks 224,801.94
	In Canada 224,801.94
	In United States 97,063.58
	Dominion Government and Provincial governments, municipal and other first-class bonds and stocks 2,324,348.63
	Loans on call on Government, municipal and other first-class bonds and stocks 720,843.63
	Total \$ 5,906,812.51
Bills discounted and advances 12,240,401.82	
Rebate of interest on bills discounted 1,284,278.00	
Dividends unpaid 44,411.00	
Dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906	100.00
	30,975.14
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	\$17,745,111.98

G. P. SCHOLFIELD,

General Manager.

The usual resolutions conveying thanks to the directors and officers were passed, after which the vote was taken for the election of directors. The following were elected: W. F. Cowan, W. F. Allen, Frederick Wyld, W. Francis, W. R. Johnston, F. W. Cowan and H. Langlois.

At a meeting of the directors held subsequently Mr. W. F. Cowan was re-elected President and Mr. Frederick Wyld Vice-President.

Any Woman

Can Easily Manage The Waverley Electric Automobile.</



PUPILS of Mr. Harry Field who have appeared before the public have never lacked distinction, and this fact was once more emphasized at the recital given in the Normal School on Wednesday evening of last week, which served to introduce several young pianists of undoubted talent. Upon Miss Marie Wylie fell the responsibility of opening the programme, and her finished playing in the Largo and Finale of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 10, may be said to have given the keynote to the whole recital. The slow movement was rendered with a fine range of tone color and with dignity of expression. Subsequently Miss Wylie gave the Rubinstein Barcarolle in A minor and Weber's Concertstück, in which fluency of technique and elasticity of touch were in evidence. Miss Phyllis Smith in association with Miss Marie Smith, violin, and Miss Elsa Adamson, gave the Haydn G major trio with both finish and sympathetic ensemble. In addition, Miss Phyllis Smith played in the Arensky Suite for two pianos, Mr. Field taking the other piano, and two solos, the Prelude in D flat, by Pachulski, and the Valse Capricieuse by Grodski, revealing neatness and delicacy of execution. Miss Gertrude Sullivan, whose conspicuous merit is the production of a well-sustained, full tone, contributed the Schumann Nachstück and the Prelude in C minor by Chopin. Master Harold Jarvis, son of Mr. Harold Jarvis, the tenor of Detroit, who is only eleven years of age, surprised the audience by playing with considerable brilliancy the Chopin Prelude in D flat and the Schubert Etude Mignonne. Mr. Killmaster rendered with nicely of perception and matured judgment the Thalberg transcription of the Pergolesi air, "Nina," and Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G minor. Miss Elizabeth Topping assisted in the programme, and rendered the Schubert-Liszt "Gretchen," the Chopin Variations in B flat, and Etude in E flat with artistic interpretation and exceptional virtuosity of technique.

All the seats for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth have been sold and partly allotted, the biggest subscribers being German amateurs. No soloists have yet been announced, but it is understood that for the five representations of "Tristan" the principal singers will be Frau Marie Wittich and Herr Ernst Kraus, Herr Felix Mottl being the conductor. The two cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" will be directed by Dr. Hans Richter, and Dr. Carl Muck and Herr Biedler (Frau Wagner's son-in-law) will be responsible for the seven performances of "Parsifal."

The announcement is made that the San Carlo Opera Company will give a short season in Toronto either in the fall or the spring. The prima donna, it is said, will be Lillian Nordica and Alice Neilson. The orchestra will number fifty musicians, the chorus sixty voices, and there will be that rare thing in opera in these days, a ballet. The repertory of the company will include "Faust," "Travatore," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Giocanda," "Aida," "Barber of Seville," "Manon," and "La Boheme."

Among the bright young journalists of the West is Miss Katharine H. Drummond, at present a resident of Winnipeg. In addition to being a contributor to the "Telegram" of that city, Miss Drummond has attracted attention by number of entertaining, well-written, and clever magazine articles. "One notes in the 'Queen's Quarterly' an article from her pen entitled "The Relation of Music to the Dance." This is quiet an able paper, in which the development of music from primitive dance forms is tersely and clearly traced. Miss Drummond shows how the early dance forms when grouped together, became the Suite, which in its turn was the foundation of the modern and complex sonata. Equally interesting is that portion of her paper emphasizing the fact that in comparatively recent times such brilliant composers as Chopin, Weber, Grieg, Liszt, Dvorak, and even Brahms, seized the dance form to glorify it with the illumination of genius, poetry, and grace. Miss Drummond's article is a valuable summary of the progression of the primitive dance music to the modern complex forms of music.

Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood" and numerous other light operas, is suffering from nervous collapse, and is an inmate of a sanatorium at White Plains, N.Y. It is expected that he will recover his normal health in a short time.

Marie Hall, the little English solo violinist, who captivated the musical public of Toronto last season, will make another concert tour of America next spring, under the management of Henry Wolffsohn.

It is good news to hear that Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the English solo pianist, will make a second tour of the United States and Canada next year. In Toronto, it may be remembered, she made an instantaneous success at her début here.

The Canadian soprano, Mlle. Donalda, took Melba's place at short notice at Covent Garden Opera House, London, on the recent occasion of the sudden indisposition of the Australian prima donna.

Is vocal composition, says the June "Musical Opinion," destined to die out altogether? One is prompted to ask the question on finding Sir Frederick

Bridge, the adjudicator, announcing that he is unable to award the prize of ten guineas offered by the South London Musical Club for the best glee, on the ground that not a single composition submitted was worthy of it! This would seem to show that, in the present craze for instrumental works, the superior gift of vocal writing is suffering. A well-known musical critic is correct in pointing out that scarcely a glee, madrigal or part song of any charm has been published since the days of Hatton, Barnby or Sullivan. If the "patron's fund" (founded in connection with the Royal College of Music) encouraged choral writing instead of an unending succession of instrumental pieces—the great majority of which never obtain a second hearing—the service which the fund was designed to render to music would be increased tenfold.

Invitations have been issued for the commencement exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which will take place at Massey Hall on Thursday, the 28th of June. An attractive programme will be presented with the assistance of a full orchestra. The diplomas will be presented by the Rev. Canon Cody. Parents of students accidentally omitted from the mailing list will kindly notify the Conservatory. A limited number of invitations can be obtained if applied for at once.

The eleven years of its existence the Pittsburgh Orchestra management has expended more than \$200,000 above receipts from the public; 636 concerts have been given; 320 in Pittsburgh and 216 in other places.

CHERUBINO.



"Well—I Suppose it's Love That Makes the World Go Round."

Tu Quoque.

Mistress—Lucille, ask my husband what he wants for dinner. I haven't spoken to him for a week.

Maid (tearfully)—Neither have I!—Translated from "Le Journal."

From Either Point of View.

She—Isn't a railroad wreck a terrible thing?

He—Yes, it is—especially when you happen to own stock in the railroad.—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Force of Habit.

That new farm hand of yours used to be a bookkeeper."

"How do you know?"

"Every time he stops work for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear!"—Translated from "Saturday Night" from "Fliegende Blätter."

A Necessity.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Flaherty, fish is terribly dear now. We have to go without eating for two or three days before we can afford to observe a fast day."—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Looking Forward.

Scientist—I know I haven't long to live, doctor, and when I die I want you to perform an autopsy. I'm very anxious to know just what's the matter with me.—Translated for "Saturday Night" from "Fliedende Blätter."

A Suspicious Opening.

"Tell me honestly what you think of my musical talent."

"Well, if you'll promise not to be offended—"

"Why, of course not—but never mind; let's talk of something else."—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Smiff Draws the Line.

Paper bottles are one of the latest. The gentleman who writes the leading articles for this great journal, whose name it is scarcely necessary to say is Adolphe Smiff, does not wish to be considered in the fossilized class, but he emphatically draws the line at paper bottles. At his time of life, and with his experience, a glass bottle is not to be improved upon. Life with paper bottles substituted

"Glen Mawr" 651 Spadina Ave., Toronto
RESIDENTIAL and DAY SCHOOL for GIRLS



becomes clear to the ear. One scene, particularly, is something of a tour de force—that of a fair in full swing, with half a dozen furious bands all going at once, and all represented by the one orchestra. At one moment an organ grinder chimes in. The orchestral scheme is very cleverly contrived. The three leading parts were perfectly sung and acted by Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Rousselieu (the new tenor of the opera here), and Mr. Renaud, who is terrifying as the villain "Auguste."

The London "World's" "Who's Who at Covent Garden" gives this thumbnail sketch of Caruso: "The greatest living master of bel canto. Has probably the most beautiful voice in the world at this moment, and one of the most exuberant natural dramatic temperaments. If he had not been a tenor, he would have made a fortune as a caricaturist. Is devoted to gardening, and has a beautiful villa near Florence. Was discovered by Mme. Melba at Monte Carlo about six years ago."

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ANECDOTAL

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "what do we see in the country besides grass, trees, and flowers?" "Patient medicine signs!" was the prompt reply.

A brisk-looking young lady entered the office of a down-town businessman the other day. "I understand that you advertised for a stenographer and typewriter at three dollars a week." "I did." "Hours nine to six?" "Yes. Are you an applicant?" "No; but my nerves are run down, and I just wanted to inquire what nerve food you used."

The orchestra, consisting of a violinist and a pianist, stopped to rest, and the chairman of the meeting took occasion to step to the front of the platform to apologize for the poor ventilation of the hall. "Gentlemen," he said, "I know how we have all been suffering for the last fifteen minutes. This bad air—" "Der air is yest as good as de accompaniment," interrupted the indignant violinist, glaring at the piano.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah, nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."

The old gentleman showed his displeasure plainly. "It seems to me," he said, "rather presumptuous for a youth in your position to ask for my daughter's hand. Can you advance any good reason why I should give my consent?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man promptly. "What?" "I am comparatively modest and economical in the matter of my personal expenditures, and I think you will find me less costly to maintain than any other son-in-law you could very well pick out."

Dilating on the necessity for precise instruction, Lord Balfour, at a London dinner, told an amusing story relating to the Sudan Railway. To an official, he said, there came a telegram from an outlying station: "Station-master has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes, bury station-master; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time came back the message: "Have buried station-master. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fish-plate."

Lew Fields, who, with Joe Weber, has attained fame and fortune as a German caricaturist, can make jokes of his own as well as give relish to other men's witticisms. On his latest visit to Philadelphia, the actor was conducted through the new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel by Laurence McCormick, the manager. "Here," said Mr. McCormick, pausing at the entrance to the ballroom, "Philadelphia debutante had a coming out a few weeks ago that cost \$25,000." "A coming out!" ejaculated Fields. "That wasn't a coming out; it was a blowing in!"

Having fought for his country, and in consequence losing a leg, an old soldier stumped his way through life fairly comfortably, for he received a pension and made a little money by doing odd jobs. One day, while working at a neighbor's house, he slipped at the top of the flight of stairs, and fell to the bottom with a sickening crash. "Good gracious, Thomas," cried the lady of the house, running up to the victim, "are you hurt?" "I've broken my leg, mum; but thank goodness it's the wooden one!" said the old soldier. "But, mum, what troubled me most was that for a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension!"

Miss Frances Wilson, who recently became the wife of Charles Huard, a French artist, was in her childhood a close friend of Eugene Field, the poet journalist. She said of him, the other day: "I can still see his tall, gaunt figure, and I can still hear his musical and deep voice uttering jests gravely. He was always jesting. One night

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in May he was walking with a young lady and me. The young lady was romantic. She looked up at the sky, spangled with stars and said to Mr. Field: "Space! space! How wonderful it is. Does it not overwhelm you?" "Indeed it does," said Mr. Field, in a deep, awed, tone, "I have a column of it to fill every day."

An editor was praising Max Beerbohm, the brother of the actor, Beerbohm Tree. "I went to London to see Tree in 'Nero,'" he said, "and at Prince's restaurant one evening I was introduced to Max Beerbohm. He is a critic of the drama and a brilliant talker. He told us that he was at present engaged on a book entitled 'The Brothers of Great Men.' As he was praising this book someone said: 'By the way, you are Beerbohm Tree's brother, are you not?' 'Yes,' answered Mr. Beerbohm, calmly. 'He will be in the book.'

In the cross-examination of a woman called to the witness-stand in a recent trial at Pittsburg one of the first questions put to the lady was: "At what time of the night was it that you saw the prisoner in your room?" "About two o'clock," said the witness. "Was there a light in the room at that time?" "No; the room was quite dark." "Could you see your husband at your side?" "No." "Then, madam," observed the attorney, his eye gleaming with triumph, "you will kindly explain to this intelligent jury how it was that you could see the prisoner and yet could not see your husband?" "Because my husband was at his club," quietly responded the lady.

The late Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, used to relate this on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon one time and spoke longer than was my custom. The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?' 'Well,' said the undertaker, 'that is a good sermon.' 'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'

The story goes that a certain divine noted for his smoking powers was sent for by the board of examiners just before his ordination. "Mr. F." said one of the board, "your papers are excellent, but there is one thing we object to." Mr. F. asked what it was. "You are addicted to the evil habit of smoking." Mr. F. explained that he saw no evil in it, but taking a large pipe from his pocket, said: "In deference to your opinion, gentlemen, I promise you this: As soon as I have smoked the plug I hold in my hand I will cease smoking forever." They were satisfied, and he was ordained the next day. Now as he refills his pipe he chuckles and tells you: "I've kept my word. I've got that very plug yet!"

"One day last week I was informed by telephone of a fire in my own office, not six feet away from where I was standing," said a prominent Wall street broker. "A client with whom I had been talking, after lighting a cigar, threw the burning match into the waste basket under a desk. As I went to the door with him I heard the telephone bell ring violently. When I answered the call I was surprised to be told that there was a lively blaze under my desk, which had been seen by a bright office boy in the opposite building. The fire was hidden from me by a high filing cabinet and might have done serious damage before I discovered it myself. I am now hunting for that boy," he added. "Anyone quick-witted enough to think of telephoning in such an emergency I can use in my business."

Ethel is three years old. Her father came home the other afternoon, after working three days and nights under high pressure, with no sleep to speak of, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Within five minutes the greatest amount of noise would not have aroused him. Three quarters of an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a clear, small voice: "Father, father! Father, father!" The sleeper stirred and sank deeper. "Father, father, father!" He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When sight came to him he saw Ethel smiling divinely beside his couch. "Father, father!" "Wha-at is it, daughter?" "Father, are you having a nice nap?"

They tell of two young men, brothers, who went to a strange city to find work. Their mother was a religious woman, and she told them, before their departure, to find their church in the city and attend it regularly. "Be sure you find the right church," she said; "there are many imitations of the true church, so be careful. But after you have found it, attend regularly, and be good boys." So the first Sunday morning after the arrival of the boys in the city, they started out to find the true church. They entered one, and found the pastor saying that something must be done; the church debt was piling up; that the attendance was not what it should be; that the members were losing interest in church affairs, and should be ashamed of themselves; that not enough money was contributed to church funds, etc. "Bill," one of the young men whispered to his brother, "we have found the right place."

The Dandy of Old Days

HAT has become of the dandy of the old days, of whom Mansfield's Beau Brummel has preserved the type? Is there now anything to compare with him? Dandyism went out when Queen Victoria came in. The Prince Consort was more scholar than fop.

To be a dandy three things were requisite, according to the expert of the London "Saturday Review": The man had to dress himself in a more artistic and original fashion than his fellows; he had to be in the best society, and he had to be possessed of brains. Brummel was not a man of birth, but both he and D'Orsay were men of brains, or wit, as it used to be called.

Lord Lamington, in his recent book on dandies, gives us a picture of Count D'Orsay riding down to Richmond on a superb hack, dressed in blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, wide expanse of snowy shirt front, tight-fitting leathers, broad-brimmed, glossy hat, and spotless, white kid gloves. And he tells us that this faultless make-up was stared at by the passers with respect and the greatest admiration.

He set the styles for New York and Philadelphia as well as London.

The London mob of seventy years ago knew who Count D'Orsay was,



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tion of slavery was in eight words, as follows: "Advanced against Timose, defeated, captured, hanged him.—Johnston." It will take a great deal to beat this. But then, Johnston was always one of those men who did the work first, and then said as little as possible about it afterwards.

Then the modifications of male costume have helped to kill the dandy. Most of the smart man's costumes are for different kinds of sport, and dandyism in tweeds is not attainable. The modern well-dressed man of fashion in London probably spends more on his clothes than the dandy. For if a man hunts, and shoots, and plays golf and polo, and goes to Court, he requires a large wardrobe, not to be bought for less than \$1,500, or \$2,000 a year.—New York "World."

It has often been said that Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, wrote one of the most laconic and most delightful despatches that the world has known, when he telegraphed home to the Government the simple Latin word, "Peccavi"—i.e., "I have sinned (Scinde)!" But here gossip has placed the foundation of the laconic remark on the wrong person, for, as a matter of fact, it was not Sir Charles Napier who composed that famous despatch, but Mr. "Punch," who wrote it as a jest. Nevertheless, it remains as an extremely clever and telling piece of work of the kind we are dealing with.

In this category, too, must be included Thomas Carlyle's notable reply to a devoted admirer, who wrote asking if the Sage of Chelsea had any objection to sending on his autograph as a present to the said admirer. Carlyle was equal to the occasion. He just wrote down on a sheet of newspaper the words, "Yes! Yours truly, T. Carlyle." It was left for the admirer to decipher the meaning at his will, but doubtless he was satisfied when he saw the signature, whatever the writer meant him to understand.

Dr. Abernethy was another famous man who never wasted words. A woman of title once came to see him, who prided herself upon her blunt speech to so deemed inferiors. She regarded the doctor with some hauteur because he did not rise and make a great fuss of her when she entered his surgery. She was so disgusted that she just held out her scalded hand, and said, "Burnt it!" The great surgeon was quite equal to the occasion. He looked her in the face and answered, "Poultice it!"—then at once resumed his writing.

One of the cleverest of all such replies made laconically, however, was that of the celebrated Talleyrand, who was asked, as he left a certain French Council, from which much had been expected, but which had spent most of its time in talk, what had passed during its sitting. His quiet smile and his hopeless tone were as significant as his two words, "Three hours!"

Convincing Proofs.

"I don't think I'll let my daughter marry you young man."

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, you have very expensive tastes."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, you want to marry my daughter."—Cleveland "Leader."



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A VIOLINIST'S HOBBY.

MISS MARIE HALL, the English violinist, who is such a prime favorite with Toronto people, and, indeed, throughout Canada, has had a meteoric and extremely interesting career. Hitherto she had had no hobby but her art.

Indeed, she has had little time for recreation; for, since as a little girl she played her violin in the streets, not a great many years have elapsed, and she has made the most of them in winning success as a great violinist.

An English writer says, however, that lately she has found that the incessant, continuous strain had played havoc with her bright, girlish spirits and induced fits of moody depression. When she returned from her recent most successful tour in America, she determined to find some fresh interest to counterbalance the professional side of her life. Her friends were full of suggestions and vaunted the allurements of every kind of hobby, from a menagerie of tame "wild" animals to stamp collecting. She would have none of them, and boldly announced her intention of adopting as a hobby what the twentieth century woman is supposed to regard as a tiresome bore—housekeeping.

Marie Hall frankly admitted that she was tired of having everything done for her. She therefore dispensed with what her American friends call the "official chaperon," and with her dearest girl friend, Miss Basche, has set up pretty little home in St. John's Wood, London, where musical friends live all around her. The establishment is distinctly young. Marie Hall has just celebrated her twenty-second birthday; her friend is twenty-two; the housemaid is twenty-two, and the cook has reached the patriarchal age of twenty-three. Quiet taste reigns in the young musician's home. After a winter spent in American hotels and railway cars she is keenly alive to the charms of her "ain fireside," and pronounces her hobby the most delightfully absorbing thing imaginable. She admits that the ordering in of things has been somewhat haphazard—too much of one thing, not enough of another, and nothing at all of something most urgently needed.

The experienced housekeeper would regard the experiment as an impromptu picnic, but it is precisely the unexpected surprises as to what is required to keep the domestic machinery running that affords the young mistress of the establishment a diverting hobby. Her first colossal difficulty occurred when she took the head of the table and essayed to carve poultry. Never was a spring chicken so astonished at the treatment it received!

MISS HALL regulates her life on the sound principle that success and happiness are synonymous. She was recently interviewed on this subject, and said:

"In the judgment of the world the successful man or woman is at once set down as a happy individual, whereas happiness, in its truest sense, can only be found in the

man or woman who, in addition to attaining the material object of his or her life, has lived to see the effect of that life's work and to experience the joy that comes from the consciousness of pleasure given to others.

"Thus, when I read of men who by dint of strenuous work have 'made their pile,' as the saying is, and are thereby classed among the 'successful and happy,' I always feel that this verdict is, if not false, at least premature, for, as I have said, success and happiness are not so easily attained.

"Success of this kind I have myself achieved, and I derive a certain satisfaction from it, but my happiness is derived from my art itself. As a child I was never so happy as when listening to the music of my father and his friends, and later on, during the whole period of my study under Sir Edward Elgar, Max Mossel, Kruse, and the great Sevcik, I was intensely happy, but my greatest happiness was reserved till my appearance on the concert platform.

"The applause that greets my playing tells me that I have reached the hearts of my audience, and I leave the platform happy that I have done justice to myself, but happier still that I have given such pleasure to others.

* * *

THAT I have succeeded in doing this," continues Miss Hall, "has been brought home to me on more than one occasion. I recall one such instance which occurred quite recently. I was leaving the Queen's Hall after one of my recitals when I was accosted very timidly by a little girl who was evidently looking out for me. With a few broken words the child told me that her mother, a hard-working woman, was lying dangerously ill at home.

"So far the story was one of those only too common, alas! in this great city, but when the little mite proceeded to tell me how fond her mother was of music, especially when rendered on the violin, 'which daddy used to play,' and concluded by begging me to call and play to her mother, how could I refuse? I shall never forget the delight of both mother and child when I called on the following day in fulfilment of my promise and played a few pieces in that poor room.

"Sometimes, however, circumstances arise which put it out of my power to add to the happiness of others. Thus during my first American tour I once received a letter from a woman imploring me to give 'only one hour's lesson to my young daughter, who is also a violinist.' The writer added that being only a poor woman she could not afford to pay me a very large fee, but that under the circumstances she was willing to pay me one dollar for the lesson. However willing I might have been to accede to this request I could not possibly do so, for every moment of my time was just then fully occupied."

How Corsets Wrecked A Steamer

Nthe Toronto dailies we read of many recent wrecks to fishing vessels on Lake Ontario, especially those sailing from Grimsby, says the Durham "Chronicle." The large percentage of accidents, serious and otherwise, caused the underwriters to investigate the matter, with the result that they discovered the knives carried by the men magnetic and positively dangerous to navigation.

A press representative secured one of the knives, and took it with him to the works of a well-known Grimsby adjuster. When he stood near the binnacle with the knife in his pocket, the needle performed all manner of weird gyrations, and the adjuster declared the knives were certainly dangerous.

Orders have been issued by the Grimsby skippers, and seamen are prohibited to enter the bridge-room with knives in their possession.

Not only knives are dangerous, but many other little things a person would never think about are liable to send a ship to the bottom if allowed in close touch with the compass. About three years and a half ago the writer had an experience in the Chinese Sea on a large Pacific liner, that is worth relating.

The ship, whose name we won't mention, was bound for Manila via the Bernardino straits. Everything was shipshape and in order, and our course nearing an end. One night about eleven o'clock (six bells) those who were not on watch were awakened by being thrown unceremoniously out of their bunks on to the deck. The engineers were buffeted around the engine-room, and passengers hurled out of their berths. We had struck a rock. With one or two lurches, the old boat slid off, and calmly went on her way, and as the engineers had not yet recovered their equilibrium sufficiently to stop the engines, we steamed ahead at our regular speed, about thirteen knots.

Divers sent down in Manila reported the whole forward part of the hull gone except the false bottom, the keel damaged, and twenty-five feet missing, and the rolling chalks ruined. Now, what do you think caused the wreck? Nobody knew at the time, but it afterwards developed that some lady passengers were on the bridge at the time of the accident, and were standing near the wheel-house. The rest was easy. The steel contained in their corsets was affecting the needle, and the quartermaster unknowingly ran on a rock he knew the position of as well as he knew his own ship.

It Appealed to Her.

"Would you not like to fly with me to some hidden part of the world?" asks the enamored youth, "where the

false conventions of modern society are things unknown, where the hampering requirements of our present civilization are unheard of, where the people live near to nature's heart, dreaming naught of our silly changes of fashion, knowing naught of the allurements of hats and dresses and—"

"O, Harold!" exclaims the sweet young thing. "Is there such a place? O, how wonderful it would be to go there!"

"Do you mean that you would go?" he cries, his voice thrilling with a wondrous upsurging of soul.

"Would I? It would be heavenly! Think of being able to introduce all the latest things in bridge and shirtwaists and bonnets among those women, and make them all realize what frightful back numbers they are!" "Life."

A Curious Find.

While working in his garden near the Saugeen river Tuesday last, Mr. W. H. Arrowsmith turned up a treasure, and intends to examine for something further, says a local paper. The find consisted of two English shillings, which had apparently been subjected to a fire at one time, as both were melted so as to adhere to one another. One contained a profile, apparently of George III, but the inscription is hard to decipher. Mr. Arrowsmith has no knowledge of a house ever being burned on the place, and thinks that an Indian camp may have been located there in days gone by. The coins are silver and the edges milled as our coins are to-day.

Who Should Write Our Stories.

The Love Story—Twain.
The English Story—London.
The Tearful Story—Paine.
The Creditors' Story—Hope.
The Baby Story—Howells.
The Newlywed Story—Batcheller.
The Young Bud Story—Flower.
The Sarcastic Story—Cutting—Life."

Reference is made on "the Investor" page in this issue to the excellent showing made by the Sovereign Bank

THE CANADIAN BANKS.

SEVERAL of our leading banks have held their annual meetings this month, and summaries of their annual statements will be found in this issue. A perusal of these statements will give about as reliable an indication of the general progress the country is making as can be procured anywhere, showing as they do a general expansion of business never before equalled in Canada.

The Standard Bank shows a net profit of \$175,652.03, to which is added \$184,278 premium on new stock issued at 200 on May 15 last. Adding to this the left-over balance from profit and loss, there was totalled up \$422,044.86. The Standard, on the first of June, increased its dividend from ten to twelve per cent, and has opened seven new agencies in Ontario during the year.

The Traders Bank shows a net profit of \$396,231, and after paying a seven per cent. dividend, transferred \$150,000 to rest account, and \$61,398 to profit and loss new account. During the year nineteen new branches have been opened, thirteen in Ontario, two in Manitoba, three in Alberta, and one in Saskatchewan. Next January the directors expect to welcome the shareholders in the bank's new building—the skyscraper—which is now one of Toronto's sights. Space in this building has rented so readily and at such good figures that there are rumors of other high buildings like it going up in the near future.

The forty-ninth annual report of the Ontario Bank shows a net profit of \$66,915, and there was a balance of profits carried forward of \$66,861. To rest account was added \$50,000, and the fund now stands at \$700,000. Five new branches were opened during the year in Ontario, and it was decided that hereafter dividends would be paid quarterly to the shareholders.

Reference is made on "the Investor" page in this issue to the excellent showing made by the Sovereign Bank

of Canada. Its growth in four years is remarkable.

With our banks doing so prosperous a business, with the country's foreign trade increasing more rapidly than that of any other country, and with the promise of another great agricultural year, Canada should be able to break some records in 1906.

Medical Tests for Automobiles.

Ontario motorists think that they are "marks" for oppressive legislators, but what would they say if they were not allowed to run their cars without undergoing a satisfactory examination by a physician. This, according to the "Hospital" of London, England, is what is required by law in France. This paper says:

* * *

According to some new regulations across the Channel, no one will in future be granted a license who is not able to prove, in addition to the possession of the necessary technical knowledge, exemption from any physical infirmity which would tend to involve unfitness for the control of a car. This means, of course, that a medical examination must be submitted to before a motorist can be licensed.

The condition is objected to, but there is obviously a great deal to be said in its favor, both in the interests of the public and of the drivers themselves, whether paid chauffeurs or amateurs. It is not compatible with accepted ideas of security to either pedestrians or occupants of vehicles that persons whose eyesight is in the least impaired, whose hearing is not acute, whose hand is rendered unsteady by drinking habits, or who suffer from fits of nervousness should be allowed to add enormously to the risks of serious accidents on the road. We are by no means sure that the time for observing similar precautions with respect to motoring in the United Kingdom is not approaching.

It is a reasonable assumption that anyone who cannot pass the necessary medical examination is no more properly qualified to steer a motor-car than a color-blind ship's captain to assume responsibility for the safety of his vessel or a deaf engine-driver of his train.

Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding. Mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor thinking it over. "So it's over," said Aunt Mary,

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother, bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But Mary—" Mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes. "Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Why not?"

"Do you know what they took to

read on their wedding journey?

Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey."

"—Wasp."

Vigilant Fido.

In the barber-shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear!"—Ladies' Home Journal."

Reason Enough.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (rescuing one small boy from the pummeling of two others)—What are you hurting this boy for?

"Because he made so many mistakes in his arithmetic this morning."

"But what business was that of yours?"

"Why, he let us copy our answers from his."—Translated for "Saturday Night" from "Fiegele Blätter."

Tact Lacked.

Miss Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's brilliant daughter, was talking at Atlantic City about entertaining.

"Tact," she said, "is essential to good entertaining. With the most hospitable spirit in the world, one may, without tact, only render one's guests uncomfortable. Tact averts blunders."

"I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat modest, quiet gentleman. This gentleman suddenly turned as red as a lobster and fell into a horrible fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband:

"How inattentive you are, Joe.

You must look after Mr. Blank! He's helping himself to everything."

Buffalo "Express."

A "Persuaded" Prisoner.

The resourceful man is the one who succeeds. There is a deputy marshal in Alabama who does not let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. A writer in the Washington "Post" tells a story of one of his

achievements. When the term of office

"Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

"You're Companion."

The following resolution was moved and carried:

That the thanks of the Shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President, Directors, General Manager and Officers of the Bank for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their respective duties during the past year.

The Scrutineers appointed at the meeting subsequently reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz: Geo. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, R. D. Perry, Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, T. Walmsley, John Flett.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when Mr. Geo. R. R. Cockburn was elected President and Mr. Donald Mackay, Vice-President.

The Ontario Bank.

Toronto, June 19th, 1906.

General Manager.

After a few remarks by the Chairman, the report was adopted.

By resolution the sum of \$5,000 was granted to the Officers' Pension Fund of the Ontario Bank.

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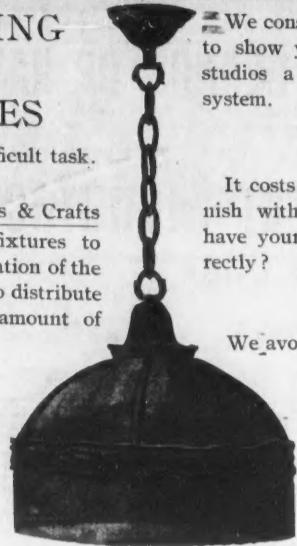
The Ontario Bank

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Society at the Capital.

MONG the many pleasant social affairs of the week three very enjoyable dinners claimed a prominent place in the earlier part, at one of which Hon. Senator and Mrs. Roy, who are in a furnished house in Wilbrod street, during their temporary sojourn in Ottawa, entertained on Monday in special honor of Premier and Mrs. Rutherford of Edmonton, and Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wood, also from Edmonton, the other guests including Hon. Senator De Veber of St. John, N.B., Dr. McIntyre, and Hon. Senator Talbot.

His Excellency, with Lady Sibyl Grey, Miss Howard, and Captain Trotter, A.D.C., left on Friday to spend about ten days at the fishing lodge at Cascapedia.

The Ottawa Rowing Club gave their first dance of the season on Saturday evening at their club-house, the races having come off during the afternoon. The chaperons were Mrs. Clarence Burritt and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, and all the gay young people of the capital enjoyed a jolly evening, the floor being in perfect condition, the music excellent, and the weather cool enough to make dancing most enjoyable. In fact it was decided by all to have been a decided success, the only drawback being that owing to its being Saturday night it had to be "called off" too soon.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.

A NEGLECTED DRAMATIC POSSIBILITY.

IT is odd, remarks a writer who gossips entertainingly in those pages of the "Atlantic Monthly" devoted to "The Contributors' Club," that so few playwrights have recognized the power of the vacant room in drama. This is the more curious, he adds, in view of the convincing effects achieved in the few instances where the dramatic possibilities of the vacant room or the "vacant stage have been called into play. He cites, for instance, the second act of "Die Meistersinger," when the watchman passes through the sleepy town after the street brawl is over, and then the empty, moon-bathed street lies quiet for a time, before the curtain closes."

In this case music adds to the effect; but at the end of "Shore Acres," he reminds us, there is no such aid. Yet who, he asks, can ever forget that final picture? He redraws it for us in the following words:

"After Nat Berry—played by Mr. Herne, the author—had scratched a bit of frost off the window-pane to peer out into the night, locked the door, and banked the fire, he climbed with slow, aged footsteps up the stairs to bed. At the landing he turned to survey the old kitchen below, that lay so cosy and warm under the benediction of his eye. Then he disappeared with his candle, and the stage grew quite dim, save for the red glow from the fire. Yet the curtain did not fall, and through a mist of tears, tears it cleansed one's soul to shed, the audience looked for a long, hushed moment on the scene, on the now familiar room where so much of joy and grief had happened—deserted, tranquil, but suddenly, in this new light of emptiness, realized to be how vital a part of the lives of those people who had made the play! It used to seem, indeed, as if the drama had not achieved full reality until the old kitchen had thus had its say, thus spoken the epilogue."

The writer goes on to say:

"It is strange to me that more playwrights have not profited by such examples. The cry of the average playgoer is for 'action,' to be sure; but even 'action' may be heightened by contrast, by peace and serenity. Certainly the vitality, the illusion, of a scenic background on the stage can be enhanced by drawing a certain amount of attention to it alone; and something as Mr. Hardy, in 'The Return of the Native,' paints Egdon Heath—"Haggard Egdon"—in its shifting moods before he introduces a single human being upon the scene of their coming tragedy, it is quite possible for the modern playwright, with a Belasco to aid him, to show the audience the scene of his drama, to let its suggestive beauty, its emotional possibilities, charm or stir their fancies before the speech and action begin. So also, as Wagner and Mr. Herne have demonstrated, there can be a climax of the vacant stage. At present, our stage scenery is too seldom perfectly fused with the story too often magnificent but meaningless. The drama is an art form which at best is restricted, and any possible technical variations should not be neglected. Is not the vacant room such a neglected possibility?"

Another dainty luncheon at this popular resort was Mrs. R. L. Borden's on Friday, her special guest being Mrs. Grant of Halifax, who is paying her a visit just now, and those who had the pleasure of being invited to meet Mrs. Grant were Mrs. Syney Wood, Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Frank Grierson, Mrs. J. Franklyn Kidd, Mrs. George F. Henderson, Mrs. Ralph Jones, and Miss Laura Smith.

An impromptu and very interesting cricket match came off on Government House grounds on Wednesday afternoon, the competing teams being composed, one of members of the Government House party and the other of senators and members of Parliament. The affair, although no formal invitations had been sent out, partook quite of the nature of a garden party, as a large number of very smart guests were spectators, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the game in combination with the beauties of a perfect summer day in such charming surroundings. Refreshments were served in a large marquee, and the band of the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment played lively airs throughout the afternoon. His Excellency Lord Grey took part in the game, and Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams, who is herself an enthusiastic little cricketer, kept the score. Lady Sibyl Grey, who, with His Excellency, greeted the guests as they arrived, was becomingly gowned in green silk voile, with large leghorn hat trimmed with white ostrich plumes. Miss Howard was in white, with green hat, and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams was also in white, with mauve hat. In the evening a dinner at Government House included the following guests: Colonel and

Why They Don't Succeed.

United States newspapers wonder, in their artless American way, why American plays are not relished in London. And on the spur of the moment we should say because they're so—well, because they're in the caned beef class.—Toronto "News."

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, held at its Temporary Offices, 10 Front St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 19th day of June, 1906.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. C. D. WARREN, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary, when the following Statement was read:

STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK
FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST MAY, 1906.

The net profits for the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to \$396,231 75
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year 35,158 91

\$431,390 66

Appropriated as follows, viz.:
Dividend No. 40, three and one-half per cent., paid 1st December, 1905 \$104,992 00
Dividend No. 41, three and one-half per cent., payable 1st June, 1906 105,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Guarantee Fund 5,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund 5,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account 150,000 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss new account 61,398 66

\$431,390 66

Percentage of Net Profits 13.21 %

GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st May, 1906.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid up	\$3,000,000 00
Rest Account	1,250,000 00
Dividend No. 41, payable 1st June	105,000 00
Former Dividends unpaid	221 16
Interest Accrued on Deposit Receipts	7,061 59
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss carried forward	61,398 66

\$4,423,681 41

Notes of the Bank in Circulation	2,310,125 00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	\$15,623,539 25
Deposits not bearing interest	4,867 333 13
Bank balance due London Agents	\$20,490,872 38
Balance due London Agents	748,766 98

23,549,764 36

\$27,973,445 77

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin Current	\$ 288,879 84
Dominion-Government Demand Notes	1,507,956 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	618,562 70
Balance due from other Banks	232,226 26
Balance due from Foreign Agents	489,977 08
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	632,216 53
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	427,038 05
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities	1,655,798 29
Bills discounted current	\$21,274,550 77
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for)	4,530 15
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of general bank note circulation	111,000 00
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises)	20,434 57
Bank Premises (including safes, etc.)	690,245 53

\$22,100,761 08

\$27,973,445 77

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

The accompanying statement shows the result of the business of the bank for the year ending 31st May, 1906; also its financial position as on that date.

The business of the bank continues to show satisfactory progress. The net profits, 13.21, are in excess of the previous year, when they were 11.34.

New business of a most desirable character continues to be offered, and in order to take advantage of the large and growing business offering in the Northwest, and especially at Winnipeg, where results have far exceeded the best expectations of the management, your directors considered it was in the best interests of the shareholders held on the 17th of April. An allotment of two million dollars was therefore made on the 21st of May in the proportion of two new shares for each three held at the close of business on the first day of June. This allotment was made at 40 per cent premium, being slightly below the proportion the rest then bore to Capital, and while it is only two weeks since the allotment was made, it has been most gratifying to the directors to find that subscriptions have already been received for nearly one million dollars, a large proportion of which has been paid, and with still many shareholders yet to hear from.

At the special meeting of shareholders above referred to the date for holding future annual meetings after the present one was changed by by-law to the fourth Tuesday in January of each year, and as our stock is held almost entirely as investment, it is proposed that dividends hereafter shall be paid quarterly, and in order to bring those into even quarters for the year a dividend for four months will be paid on the first of October and quarterly thereafter on the first of January and each succeeding three months.

You dear tors hope to welcome the shareholders at the annual meeting in Jan any next in the new and commodious bank premises now nearing completion on Yonge street. The bank has provided ample accommodation in the building for future growth and expansion, and your directors have pleasure in stating that the demand for offices is quite equal to the most sanguine expectation. The vault accommodation will furnish absolute protection to the bank's securities, and it will be gratifying to know that every precaution has been taken in this respect to guard against loss by fire or otherwise.

During the fiscal year just closed nineteen new branch offices have been opened, viz.: thirteen in the Province of Ontario, two in Manitoba, including Winnipeg, three in Alberta, including Edmonton and Calgary, and one at Regina, Saskatchewan.

The different offices of the bank continue to receive the usual careful inspection.

The usual resolution were moved and adopted.

The scrutineers reported the following gentleman duly elected to act as directors for the ensuing year, viz.: C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepfer (Guelph), W. J. Sheppard (Waterloo), C. S. Wilcox (Hamilton), E. F. Johnston, K.C.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected directors Mr. C. D. Warren was re-elected President, and Hon. J. R. Stratton, Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

The Traders Bank of Canada, Toronto, June 19th, 1906:
The following comparative statement will show the progress of the bank from 31st May, 1891:-

As on 31st May	Capital Paid Up	Rest	Deposits	Circulation	Assets	Dividend
1897. \$ 700,000	\$ 40,000	\$ 4,235,331	\$ 676,195	\$ 5,880,855	6	
1898. 700,000	50,000	4,030,817	697,080	6,824,850	6	
1899. 700,000	70,000	5,661,112	680,920	7,683,908	6	
1900. 1,000,000	150,000	6,528,074	987,440	9,177,061	6	
1901. 1,344,420	250,000	7,672,591	1,192,470	10,840,449	6	
1902. 1,350,000	350,000	8,890,430	1,337,600	12,294,890	6	
1903. 1,500,000	450,000	10,881,652	1,430,510	14,750,572	7	
1904. 2,000,000	700,000	13,811,296	1,868,900	18,573,58		

The GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

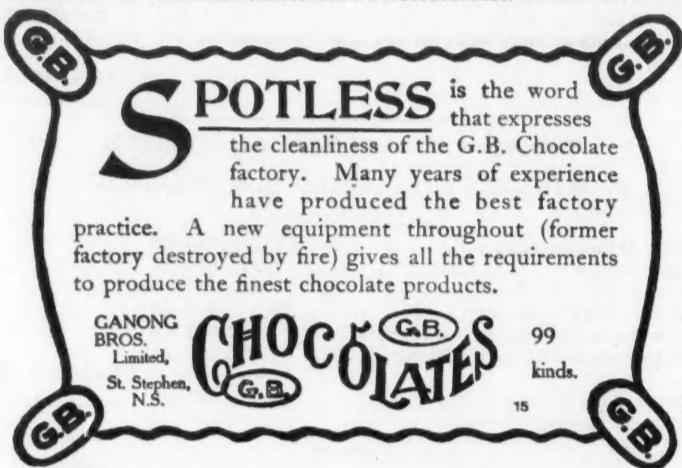
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Births.

BANKS—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. William Banks, Jr., a son.

HORROCKS—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. Trevor J. Horrocks, a daughter.

MURRAY—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. T. W. Murray, a daughter.

STEWART—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. L. B. Stewart, a son.

Marriages.

ANDERSON—BELL—At Atlantic City, New Jersey, June 16, 1906, by the Rev. Newton N. Cadwell, D.D., Gertrude Amenta Bell of Washington, D.C., to Dr. Duncan Anderson of Toronto.

BATES—ALLAN—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, June 12, 1906, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Mowry Bates, New York, to Moretta B., eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Allan of Lindsay.

HICKS—WOLFF—On June 12, by the Rev. L. E. Skey of St. Anne's, Harry Hicks of Humber Bay to Florence, youngest daughter of the late Captain Wolfe of Bolton.

BOYD—MASSON—Toronto, June 19, Margaret Jane, daughter of the late Judge Masson of Goderich, to Daniel Allan Boyd, son of the Rev. James Boyd, M.A., Glasgow.

BLAKELEY—FINCH—By the Rev. R. P. Bowles, Mrs. Elizabeth Finch to Arthur Blakeley.

Deaths.

ERSKINE—Toronto, June 18, John Erskine, aged 63 years.

HAMILTON—Toronto, June 19, William B. Hamilton, aged 82 years.

LANKIN—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. Robert Lankin, aged 69 years.

MCCULLOCH—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. Agnes McCulloch, aged 78 years.

NASH—Toronto, June 19, J. Newton Nash.

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